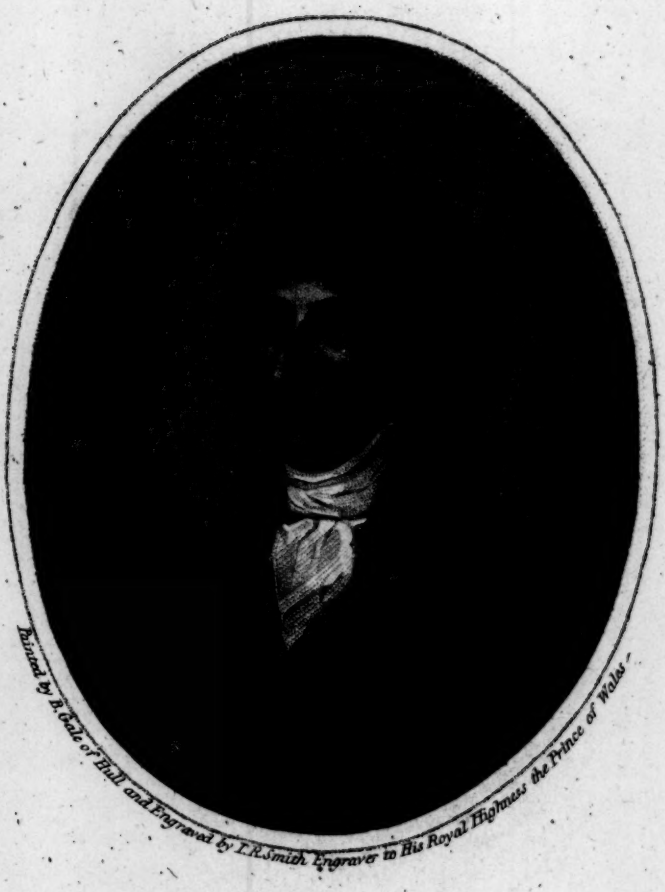

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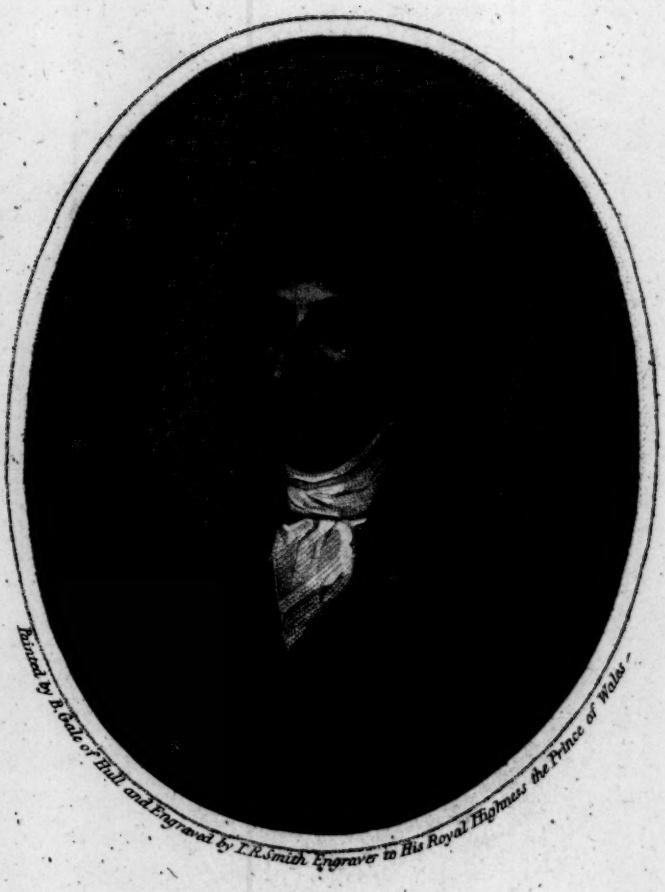
Died 8th. Jan. 1798. Aged 26.



The Revd. Thomas Browne.

Died 8th. Jan. 1798. Aged 26.

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POEMS

ON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

BY

THE LATE REV. THOMAS BROWNE,

OF KINGSTON-UPON-HULL.

"Me lusit amabalis insania." HOR.

PRINTED FOR VERNOR & HOOD, LONDON,

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THOMAS BROWNE, HULL.

1800.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE

EDITOR'S PREFACE.

THERE is perhaps no observation more common, as there is no sentiment more natural, than that almost every one is desirous of knowing something of a person whose works have, in any considerable degree excited his interest, or contributed to his amusement. This is particularly the case with the admirers of poetry, and the different imitative arts. The minds of such persons are habitually occupied in embodying the forms which their favourite studies have suggested to their fancy, and in combining their ideas into substance and personality. Of every person who occupies much of their attention, they are always eager to acquire some decisive and settled notions, on which their imagination may rest.

For the sake of persons of this description, in whose minds the Author of the following Poems, by his character, or his works, may have acquired an interest, I have thought it adviseable to prefix to this volume some particulars respecting himself and those few of his productions which have survived him. Such information will be acceptable to those, whose feelings may have contributed to raise their curiosity on his account, and it is necessary to the public at large, to whose attention this volume might otherwise appear to have very insufficient claims. The best apology, I am sensible, that can be made for some of the pieces in the following collection, is to relate the circumstances under which they were written, and under which they are published.

Mr. Browne was the son of the Rev. Thomas Browne, of Lestingham, near Kirby moor side in Yorkshire, a man of sound understanding and exemplary piety, and who was consequently held in great estimation by the respectable part of his parishioners. The Author of this Collection was born in the year 1771, and at the helpless age of two years was deprived of his father. This misfortune, so severe under any circumstances, is still more essentially so to a child whose future progress in life, is to depend on the effectual cultivation of his understanding and talents. His mother, however, did every thing in her power to forward the task of his education; and after being at several schools in the neighbourhood of his native village, he was placed under the tuition of the late Rev. Joseph Milner of Hull, whose character must confer a degree of respectability on every youth who has shared his cares and instructions. After finishing his classical studies, and accomplishing himself in such useful and practical branches of knowledge as are requisite in an instructer of youth in the country, he undertook the care of a school at Yeddingham, near Pickering in Yorkshire, where he resided nearly four years universally esteemed and beloved. Thence he removed to Bridlington in the same county, where the sphere of his exertion was enlarged, and where he continued in the same respectable and useful avocation with the same success. In 1797 he removed from Bridlington to Hull, and became the Editor of a weekly newspaper called the Hull Advertiser, which several private gentleman had begun to publish a few years before, and in which, while he resided at Bridlington, several of his poetical pieces and prose essays on different subjects had appeared. This publication he conducted with great credit to himself, and much satisfaction to the proprietors and the public. He now obtained holy orders, and undertook the tuition of two young gentlemen from Bridlington Quay, who were sent to reside with him at Hull. Thus uniting in himself the two most honourable of all professions, he bid fair to arrive at eminence in them both, when his premature death in the year 1798 frustrated the hopes of his friends, and deprived

the world of his talents and virtues, before they had time to emerge from the obscurity in which fortune had placed them.

About three months before his death, while yet his fortunes and establishments were in a state far from permanent or prosperous, Mr. Browne married. Love was an affection beyond all others congenial to his nature, and, under its influence, every inferior principle of action lost its weight. His mind was a soil which nourished, with peculiar fertility, all the warm and affectionate virtues, and in such a soil the colder ones of prudence and oeconomy will seldom vegetate. A mind of this description is too much occupied with the present to calculate on the future.

Mr. Browne possessed from nature, a fertile imagination, and a heart of strong feelings and quick sensibility. His fondness for reading was excessive, and his observation of nature was attentive and acute. With such dispositions, it is no wonder that he became early attached to those pursuits, which are calculated, beyond all others, to occupy the fancy and interest the affections. Accordingly, in very early youth, he discovered an ungovernable eagerness, for every thing which respected painting, poetry, and whatever nature or art contains of the sublime, or beautiful or pathetic. But his devotion to these pursuits was not discovered, as sometimes happens, by any precocious or extraordinary efforts. His productions, like his mind, had more in them of the pleasing than the vigorous. He did not make rapid incursions into the realms of art, and inforce dominion by the irresistable tyranny of genius, but he sued for admission with the tenderness and constancy of a lover. Not only is this temper of mind discoverable in his juvenile pieces, but also in his later productions, and indeed in the whole tenor of his life.

If it has ever occurred to any one that he has sometimes discovered a spirit not strictly compatible with this character of mind, it can only have been to those who have not reflected on the ordinary movements of the human mind in such situations. A young man who has been brought up in the country, and has conversed much with books and little with men, cannot avoid forming mistaken estimates of his capacity and attainments. He has seldom the opportunity of measuring his powers with such as are qualified to teach him his own inferiority, and is accustomed to the applause and concessions of the illiterate around him. Hence the ardent hopes and the sanguine temperament of youth must necessarily deceive him as to every thing within and every thing without, and exhibit to him both the world and himself in false colours.

Young men who are brought up in public schools, or who are early ushered into life (except some few whose natural conceit is of a character too stupid to be removed by instruction, or too strong to be subdued by mortification) are seldom liable to this misfortune. Their natural feelings become subjected to the usuages of society, and being hourly made sensible of their deficiencies by inevitable comparison, the true value of their character cannot be concealed from themselves. This perhaps is one of the strongest considerations in favour of a public education.

With respect to his intellectual character, it is certain that his progress in letters and in the sciences was by no means inconsiderable. His mind was naturally inquisitive and his curiosity was constantly excursive, so that his acquirements were always on the increase. I have seen some short latin poems of his, which were at first intended to have had a place in this collection, and which though they did not appear sufficiently finished for publication, exhibit a variety of expression, and an acquaintance with classic phraseology, beyond what could have been

expected from his limited means of study. Like the rest of his compositions they are all either of the tender or elegiac cast. His mathematical knowledge was of a very respectable degree, and his general acquaintance with books, appears to have been very extensive. Since the period when theological studies became the principal object of his attention, as they were of his duty, he seems to have applied himself to that department of learning with uncommon assiduity.

Such is the short and humble history of one whose modest and amiable virtues deserve to be regretted (and perhaps to be recorded) more than some of his contemporaries of much greater celebrity, and who in his life time would have shrunk from being thus brought before the dread tribunal of the public; as his own gentle nature shrunk from the rude conflicts and hard collisions of a world which he was found unable to combat!

I shall finish this memoir with a few remarks on the character of his poetry, and on the contents of the present volume.

It is not to be pretended that Mr. Browne possessed powers adequate to the higher orders of poetry. He himself never entertained any such opinion. The faculties of his mind, like those of his heart, were temperate and placid. Not that he is to be considered as sunk to the level of that insipid mediocrity which poetry renounces, but he undoubtedly did not possess much of that "*Mens Divinior*" which astonishes the mind and fires the imagination. The object of his ambition was to raise in his readers the same sensations of charity and affection which constituted his own happiness, and what he attempted, he performed.

Since the revival of letters in Europe, English Poetry has assumed, at successive periods, four distinct characters,

analogous in some degree to the progress of refinement in civilized society. These may be stiled for the sake of distinction (and for want of more appropriate expressions,) the Romantic, the Metaphysical, the Rational, and the Sentimental. The first of these schools is remotely derived from the Troubadours, whose works were so much celebrated in the 12th. and 13th. centuries, under the name of the Provencal Poetry. The reign of chivalry which had such an effect on the letters of the age, had already refined the rudeness of these uncouth bards, when the amourous verses of Petrarch diffused a new taste over Europe, and the triumphs of love were celebrated even more than the atchievments of arms. In the class of poets which then flourished, may be placed the authors of our old ballads and legends, and probably Chaucer, Spencer, and many other names of inferior eminence. Shortly after, when the dialectics of the schools began to supersede the visions of romance, the poetry of the bards became tinctured with the subtleties of the Logicians, and the Metaphysical Tribe arose. The beauties which this description of poets principally solicited were what they termed "*thoughts*," that is such subtleties either of the imagination or reason, as were calculated to surprize by their novelty, or astonish by their depth. Every one is acquainted with the leaders in this species of poetry; Cowley, Donne, Jonson, and in some degree even Milton and Shakespeare may be numbered among its votaries. But as society refines, the empire of common sense is sure to gain the ascendancy. Next therefore came the rational poets. Among the founders of this school, Dryden certainly claims the pre-eminence, and Pope among the disciples. These writers, tho' admitting and courting all the graces which fancy and nature lend to poetry, are, however, distinguished by the prevalence of that faculty in their writings which we call good sense, or right reason. Dr. Johnson is perhaps the last who can be numbered decidedly among this class. Last of all came the sentimental poets of the present age. When a nation has reached the summit of Luxury, its masculine vigour becomes impaired, and the nerve of attention is relaxed. But the minds of men, in this state, tho' abhorrent from every species of exertion, are,

more than ever, eager for amusement. Something must therefore be done to sooth the fancy and the feelings, which will not keep the faculties too much on the stretch. This state of public sensation is the natural precursor of that revolution in the art, which then begins to be not less necessary to the poet than to his readers; for the striking images of nature, whence poetry chiefly derives its materials, are now almost exhausted. What is great, being also prominent, cannot have escaped former observation. To excel in poetry, of that kind which is its proper character, is therefore become an arduous task, attainable only by such a genius as can very seldom be expected to appear. But another career is still open. As the pursuits and manners of life are perpetually changing, the modifications of passion and sentiment which depend on them admit of endless variety, and to combine and describe these in elegant and musical versification, is the task assigned to the poet of the present day. Softness and sweetness are now therefore almost all that are required of him; but as the public ear is of course very refined, and the public feeling very delicate, these requisites are absolutely indispensible. Shenstone and Goldsmith are among the earliest masters of this school; and as the first writers in every era of poetry are commonly the greatest, they have not been excelled by any of their successors.

This short view of the progress of poetry, is not, I hope, entirely impertinent in this place, as it is intended to remind the reader that so much is not to be expected from the poets of the present day, as from some of the venerable dead, whose works he may have been accustomed to consider as the standard of perfection. It is meant to remind him that excellence, even in the same art, is to be attained in various ways, and that in every work "the writers end is to be regarded."

It is in this latter school that, I am of opinion, Mr. Browne was qualified to have made, in due time, a very conspicuous

figure. His pieces are almost all of the description which is termed sentimental, and breathe the prevailing temperament of his mind. His feelings were perpetually open to the most lively impressions and every species of suffering to which human or inferior nature is subject, found a sympathetic chord in his bosom. This is observable even in his most trifling productions. The passion of love, the great source of poetic effusion in every age, seems to have been familiar to him in all its most delicate movements, and he has described its various impulses in a spirit of nature and truth that could only result from a mind capable of conceiving and feeling its effects. His smooth and flowing diction is entirely appropriate to subjects of tenderness and affection.

When, after his death, it had been determined to publish a collection of his poems (as well for the sake of preserving some beautiful fugitive pieces from oblivion, as of procuring some little benefit to the widow and orphan who survived him), the different pieces that were known to be his compositions were collected together by his friends. It was, however, found impossible to produce a sufficient number to fill a volume of the requisite size, without inserting several of his juvenile productions, which perhaps may be thought to reflect disgrace on those of his riper years, and which certainly have great need of the candour and indulgence of the public. Among the pieces of this description, those entitled, The Universal Wish, page 31; Content, page 43; Delia, a pastoral ballad, page 50; Complaint of an African Woman, page 89; and a Song, page 144, I believe were written in the very early periods of his youth, when his stock of ideas, and command of language, were, of course, very confined. These, with some others, written at periods somewhat subsequent to the above, cannot certainly pretend to any higher aim, than that of affording some amusement to those who take pleasure in remarking the initiatory efforts of the rising faculties, in their pursuit after excellence, and the gradual expansion of the poetical talent. Among his last productions, are those entitled, The Beggar, page 1; To Anna, page 7; To Sleep, page 8; The Slighted Maid,

page 83; To the Polar Star, page 127; and some of the Sonnets, from which it will be seen that his imagination became gradually more excursive, his numbers more harmonious, and his diction more elegant and expressive.

When he attempts the higher kinds of poetry, as in his Odes, he must be admitted to fail in the *impetus ardens* which that species of composition is thought to require; but some of them, particularly the Ode to November, and that to Rage, contain some beautiful description and glowing language. The latter is by no means deficient even in the essential qualities of the ode, but it closes with a conceit which revives the memory of Cowley or of Clieveland.

The Specimens of the Yorkshire Dialect have been greatly admired by every one whose habits of life qualify him to appreciate their merits. In my opinion they contain the most faithful representations of modern rustic manners, and the best imitation of rustic language that have yet appeared. Perhaps some, disgusted with the vulgarity of the language and sentiments, may think the imitation too close, and that the coarseness of clownish manners ought to be somewhat softened in poetry. They will, however, afford great pleasure to every one conversant in the habits and dialect of the Yorkshire villagers, and on that account they are inserted.

The short Pieces written on Mr. Browne's death, are inserted at the wish of some of the subscribers, who are desirous of paying all possible respect to the memory of the deceased. The beautiful Ode signed "Nemorina" is of itself sufficient to confer value on any publication in which it appears. Some of the pieces inscribed to his memory are addressed to "Alexis," the name which he affixed to his pieces in the periodical publications.

The Copy of Verses which concludes the volume, tho'

not an original composition, I am sure every one will excuse me for inserting. The reader will see it is compiled from different authors, and accomodated to the occasion on which it was written. As it now stands, perhaps it is as elegant and affecting a composition as ever was produced in any language. It was arranged by *that friend* of Mr. Browne, thro' whose exertions I have been enabled to publish this volume; and who was anxious to manifest by every means in his power, his affection and veneration for the memory of the deceased.

J. M.

Liverpool, 20th. April, 1800.

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ERRATA.

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7,	4,	for	langour	read	languor,
	15,	—	port	—	post.
28,	5,	—	chenk	—	cheek.
	19,	—	fly	—	ply.
32,	2,	—	was	—	were.
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38,	15,	—	plageant	—	pageant.
40,	7,	—	sypathizing	—	sympathizing.
54,	9,	—	symphaty	—	sympathy.
71,	12,	—	Sysen's	—	Syren's.
81,	13,	—	enclosed	—	enclos'd.
97,	17,	—	gown	—	boon.
111,	4,	—	cald	—	clad.
129,	last,	—	trotting	—	loit'ring.
132,	3,	after both *too* read a comma.			

BRITISH MUSEUM 7 AP 83

Poems, &c.

OCCASIONAL PIECES.

THE BEGGAR.

Thro' the fields, as I stray'd, when the skies were serene,
When the corn's pendent ears wildly wav'd in the breeze;
When bustling at work the gay reapers were seen,
And Pomona's rich bounties hung ripe on the trees;

A poor Beggar I saw, as he sat on the ground;
And I heard him oft sigh, and thus plaintively speak,
Whilst his eye sad survey'd the gay prospect around,
And pensive dejection sat pale on his cheek:

" Amidst the gay scenes now unfolded to sight,
It is almost a crime to be heard to complain;
But, alas! can the bosom partake of delight,
That struggles with want, and is tortur'd with pain?

From the door, where I crav'd but a morsel of bread,
When spurn'd with rude taunts, I'm compell'd to depart;
When houseless I rove, ev'n unblest with a *shed*,
How can pleasure admittance obtain to my heart?

From Nature's great Parent the bounties that flow,
One would think, should awaken the kindness of man,
Like him out of plenty a part to bestow,
And give to the wretched the pittance he can.

There was once, when the blessings of fortune were mine,
When hope bid me count certain bliss as my lot;
When the soul of the wanderer could not repine,
Who entreated an alms at the door of my cot.

But, alas! stern misfortune's rude hand has now torn
From my heart, ev'ry joy made it pleasure to live;

And hopeless, abandoned, I wander forlorn,
To request the relief I exulted to give."

Ah me! and I heard him thus pensively wail,
And I past, as it seem'd, quite regardlessly by,
As the Beggar repeated his sorrowful tale,
Yet a tear—a soft tear gently stole from my eye.

From thy look, for the language of looks I believe,
Thou didst think I was hard, and unfeeling, I know,
But my heart—yes, my heart deeply sigh'd to relieve—
What I had not, poor Beggar, I could not bestow.

TO THE AURA POPULARIS.

Virtus———
Nec sumit aut ponit secures
Arbitrio popularis auræ.
Hor. Od. 2. Lib. 3.

Thou flatt'ring breeze, that canst impart
Some pleasure to the noblest heart;
(For tho' the truly wise ne'er prize thee,
But few have firmness to despise thee.)
To thee, by whim or thought imprest,
My present strain is now addrest;
But mark—nor let my coldness hurt thee;
I neither mean to slight nor court thee.

Eolus, in his storehouse large,
'Mong all the winds he has in charge,
On strictest search, will never find
So welcome, and so lov'd a wind.
In vain, the Zephyr's gentlest breeze,
May whisper thro' the quivering trees;

The Blackbird's song, the Linnet's note,
Along the trembling air may float,
And every tuneful throat may join,
To make a concert quite divine;
In vain, may music's tuneful art,
Strive, thro' the ear, to touch the heart,
If on the raptur'd nerve imprest,
Thy sound shall cheer the longing breast,
When fond admiring crowds shall raise
The murmuring din of distant praise.
No other sound, however dear,
Can then engage the ravish'd ear;
And tho' thy voice is somewhat hoarse,
The lack of sweetness adds to force.

The starving Poet, oft confin'd,
Camelion-like, to feed on wind,
Who skill'd, of course, in such-like food,
Knows what is bad, and what is good,
Will tell, of all the puffs of air,
On which he is condemn'd to fare,
Thy breath the choicest dainties brings,

And strength'ning lifts his fancy's wings,
When so reduced, by meagre diet,
A Birth-day ode she scarce can try at.
So little by the muse he gets,
'Tis almost all the food he eats,
If such ill luck do not betide him,
That e'en this pittance is deny'd him.

But beneficial still art thou,
To some, on whom thou deignst to blow;
To draw the crowd to Thelwall's rostrum,
To give a name to Godbold's nostrum,
To get large bets on Ste'enson's heels,
To keep L——'s coach upon its wheels,
Or cause a rage (this verse no scoff is)
For lott'ry shares at Hazard's office.
Thou giv'st to Katterfelto's stone,
A pow'r superior to its own;
And to the Doctor's satisfaction,
Doublest the magnet's strong attraction,
Which draws (to its kind master useful)
Of gaping folks a crowded houseful.

TO ANNA.

Should care on my brow e'er display its stern feature,
Or attention the lustre exhaust in my eye,
Fatigue oft will cast a dull langour o'er nature,
And reflection will force from the bosom a sigh.
But love, to thy breast let distrust never enter,
Thy swain thou canst ne'er of indiff'rence reprove;
In thee my fond cares, my affections all centre,
Nor stray, for a moment, from Anna and love.

Ah! list not to fancy's deceitful suspicion,
For fancy, to error, not truth is the guide;
Let reason dispel from your mind the dark vision,
And, my fair, to be happy, learn first to confide:
Let peace be once more in your bosom reseated,
Nor let fear from its port the sweet cherub remove;
Ah! think on the promise so often repeated,
That I ne'er should be faithless to—Anna and love.

Wheresoever its course the swift vessel is steering,
Across the wide ocean, by compass so true
To the pole, as the needle is constantly veering;
'Tis thus, my fond thoughts still returning to you,
Sturdy care, for a while, will obtrude on attention,
Yet my heart from its favourite object not move;
Exulting, I turn from a moments suspension,
To think with new rapture on—Anna and love.

TO SLEEP.

In vain, gentle friend to the weary, I sought
On my soft downy pillow thy solace to find,
To arrest the wild errors of wandering thought,
And to soothe the keen anguish that prey'd on my mind.

In vain, do I court thee, thy poppies to shed,
Thy poppies with virtue Lethean endued;
Ah! wildly coquettish, thou fly'st from my bed,
And leav'st me still tost by a tempest so rude.

If, at length, thou should'st grant to my sorrow-stain'd eyes,
A transient suspension of pain to enjoy;
Yet thy fancy-form'd train of dark spectres arise,
Interrupting my rest, if they cannot destroy.

Like the minions of fortune, thou always art found
Where affliction an entrance has never obtain'd;
Where plenteously blessings already abound,
Where grief has not tortur'd, nor anguish has pain'd.

Why alone, to the woe-begone mourner a foe,
For the balm of repose shall he fruitlessly pray?
Is there something uncouth in the aspect of woe?
Is there something that scares thee, soft phantom, away?

The vacant, the careless, the gay, and the free,
Uncourted, thy peace-giving blessings obtain,
While those may solicit in vain, who like me,
Are wounded by sorrow, or tortur'd with pain.

TO MY PEN.

Little pliant, passive tool,
Employ'd alike by wit and fool,
By high and low of all conditions,
By Poets, Beaus, and Politicians,
By Doctors, Parsons, ledger'd Cits,
By Lawyers, Clerks, and would-be Wits;
These all thy uses know full well,
These all can of thy service tell,
Yet none of them, in tuneful lays,
E'er thought thee worth one line of praise.

When in their service worn quite out,
Too oft, the thoughtless thankless rout,
No signs of gratitude display,
But cast thee carelessly away,
Among the sweepings of the floor,
To lie, and ne'er be thought of more;

Or toss thee (shameful!) on the fire,
On smoking seacoal to expire.
So, when advanc'd their private ends,
Some men forget their kindest friends;
So, Ministers, on heights sublime,
Forget the steps by which they climb,
And elevated next the throne,
Oft kick their friendly ladder down.

Slave to the Muse's scribbling train,
Must thou for them still drudge in vain?
Conductor of the Poet's fire,
Must thou unnotic'd then expire,
And ne'er on thee the grateful Bard
Bestow one verse, thy blest reward?
Forbid it all ye tuneful throng!
Forbid it all ye powers of song!
Bards and their pens, like friend and brother,
Should kindly recommend each other.

Without a recollective sigh,
Thou shalt not in oblivion lie;

This verse will shew how much I prize thee—
And could I—I'd immortalize thee,

Thou ne'er shalt stain the guiltless page,
With the mad strains of party rage;
No virtuous character defame,
Or tinge the modest cheek with shame;
Or ever publish venal lays,
To any worthless patron's praise;
Or e'er, the sense of shame forgot,
Careless let fall a vicious blot.
Be this my sole design and end,
To prove thee ever virtue's friend,
And still thro' life determin'd shew
To vice an unrelenting foe:
And then if honest Fame refuse,
A wreath to grace my humble muse,
I blame not her—but must infer it—
My verse has had no real merit.

TO A FRIGHTED HARE.

Little timid creature stay!
Why so hastily away?
Tremble not at sight of me,
I shall never injure thee.
Tho' too many of my race,
Joying in the cruel chase,
Thee with eager shouts pursue,
Flying o'er the morning dew;
Judge not of us all by those,
Trembler—all are not thy foes.
Some there are of hearts humane,
Where the gentler passions reign,
Thinking stepdame nature hard,
Pitying, view with kind regard,
Thy untoward hapless fate,
And thy weak defenceless state,
Safe from terrors and alarms,
Thou might'st shelter in their arms.

Wand'ring o'er the vernal meads,
Whither contemplation leads,
Or to mark the op'ning spring,
Or to hear the warblers sing,
Or to waste the lonely hours,
Culling wildly scatter'd flowers;
Or by Luna's placid light,
When I woo the silent night,
Pleased, I oft unseen survey
All your sportive am'rous play,
Revelling in hasty joys,
While unscar'd by hated noise;
Should my errant feet too rude,
On your frolic sport intrude;
Should that hated form appear,
Swift you fly in wildest fear,
Trembling seek a safe retreat,
Born away on sinews fleet.

Little timid creature say,
Why so swift you flee away?

Too much cause thou hast indeed,
Fearful wand'rer for thy dread;
Not a beast on earth that goes,
Numbers such a host of foes.
Haply soaring on the sky,
As the eagle passes by,
Darting from his airy steep,
On thy placid noonday sleep,
Bears thee to the cliffy brow
Nodding o'er the main below,
Where impatient for their food,
Famish'd scream his callow brood.
Or on earth, or in the air,
Foes surround thee ev'ry where
Watching, or by night or day,
Thee to make their destin'd prey;
Ne'er exempt from fatal harms,
All thy life is but alarms.
Chiefly man's tyrannic sway,
He who boasts of reason's ray,
He whose heart alone can feel
Pity's softly sighing thrill,

By uncounted numbers slain,
Basely desolates the plain.
Panting o'er the weary fields,
What a savage joy it yields,
Ev'ry little art to foil,
Circumvent each subtile wile,
And with stubborn patience trace,
All the mazes of thy race,
Till exhausted, breathless worn,
Thou by bloody hounds art torn.

Fly then, timid creature fly!
All thy fears I justify;
Thou who hast the savage try'd,
How canst thou in man confide?

ADDRESS TO GENIUS.

All hail! thou potent energy of mind,
Fancy and judgement in one point combin'd,
To thee the muse her duteous tribute brings,
Bend from thy throne and listen while she sings;
Thy works enliv'ning form her chief delight,
Pains lose their anguish, care its leaden weight,
When thou in all thy native beauties drest,
Pour'st lenient balm, and sooth'st the troubled breast.
By some strange magic can thy language charm,
And soft infuse its influence kind and warm,
Till by degrees the melting heart is won,
And as soft wax before the noonday sun,
Pliant receives whatever form imprest,—
Thy cogent line so moulds th' enraptur'd breast.
Without thy aid the tuneless verse would flow,
In jarring numbers, spiritless and slow;
No polish'd lines would smoothly glide along,
No strength or elegance adorn the song:

Without thee all tuition is but vain,
Witness poor Marcus' unproductive brain.
In vain are all the lectures of the schools,
To form the mind by dull didactic rules,
If in that mind thou stern deny'st to smile,
Or grant thy power to fertilize the soil.

As wide th' aerial eagle takes his flight,
In purest æther far from human sight,
On nervous pinions pois'd, sublimely rides,
And o'er the clear cerulean concave glides;
Far down beneath observant of his prey,
The lazy kite pursues his circling way;
The lark, tho' skill'd to climb the morning skies,
His highest flight can scarce to midway rise;
Nor can the falcon's swifter pinions bear
His rapid flight, to such a pitch in air.
Such is the mind which thou hast given to soar,
Thro' paths of science unpursu'd before;
With strengthen'd wing he cleaves dark error's cloud,
And far beneath him leaves the wond'ring crowd:—
There in clear skies (no intervening shade),

Truth's brightest radiance spotless shines display'd,—
In search of science, takes his rapid flight,
Far as the solar rays transmit their light,
Dives to the centre, to the stars aspires,
Thro' cities wanders, or to groves retires.
If this low system we inhabit here,
Be for his ample mind too strait a sphere,
One single effort can transport him far
Beyond the light of the remotest star;
There plac'd on high, serene he views the whole
Of all creations boundless system roll.

Where'er thy fair celestial radiance shines,
Each object glows, and ev'ry scene refines;
A fresher green the verdant vales display,
With higher tints the flow'rets greet the day,
And thicker leaves the shady groves adorn,
More gaily smile the waving crops of corn;
With sweeter murmurs glides the stream along,
And more melodious floats the warbler's song.
To rugged rocks, and barren desarts, thou
Canst graces lend, and thousand charms bestow:

With pleasure o'er the boundless wilds we hie,
Peep o'er the precipice with trembling joy;
Forbidding horrors banish'd by degrees,
Ev'n drear deformity itself can please.

Enchanting pow'r! ah leave dark vice's shade!
From all her votries, ah withdraw thine aid!
Thy magic pencil never more impart
To hide their frauds, or aid her guileful art;
To bid her charms in borrow'd graces shine,
By touch etherial heighten'd to divine.
To virtue all thy kind assistance lend,
Ah! be to virtue, as the muse, a friend;
Then shall the hag no more triumphant reign,
But lash'd by scorpions fly the sacred plain,
Where thou and virtue hand in hand unite,
And wide diffuse your radiant heavenly light.
By thee unsanction'd, then shall crimes no more
Dare to appear, but murm'ring leave the shore;
No more shall fraud in specious habit rove,
Or vile seduction wear the mask of love;
No more, beneath the name of harmless joy,

Intemp'rance shall the vital pow'rs destroy;
Or calumny, like purest friendship show,
And watch its time to give the secret blow.
Do thou divest them of their dark disguise,
Which hides their foulness from all common eyes:
Then swept away, before thy dreaded ire,
Back to their native shades the fiends retire.
Point thou the way, and show the bright abode,
The mole-ey'd atheist shall discern a God;
Sudden the mists of prejudice shall flee
Far from around him, rarify'd by thee;
No more proud blasphemy shall foul his tongue,
But wond'ring how his reason, dark so long,
Such obvious truths could pass unheeded by,
He owns the Deity with heartfelt joy,—
Exulting, flies to join the grateful train,
And praise triumphant fills the sacred fane.

TO A VIOLET.

Beneath a spreading hawthorn's shade,
Deep hid within the sylvan glade;
In some sequester'd hedge-row's side,
Thy modest head thou lov'st to hide:
No gaudy tints thy leaves display,
No painted tulip's rich array,
And deck'd in no fantastic guise,
Thou striv'st to draw admir'ing eyes;
But drest in purple sober hue,
Retiring from the forward view,
Within thy mantling leaves of green,
Thou seem'st to wish to live unseen.
But ah! the scents that Zephyrs bear,
Diffusive thro' the vernal air;
To all the sweet recess disclose,
From whence the balmy fragrance flows:
And tho' sharp pointed thorns around,
All entrance bar, and threat to wound,—

The swain enamour'd of thy sweets,
The hostile points undaunted meets:
The well defended entrance tries,
Nor rests till thou art made his prize;
While crimson drops that trickle down,
Display the toil he's undergone.
Ah! would the Fair these truths discern,
From thee this useful lesson learn,
The trifling arts of dress despise,
And woman's truest knowledge prize;
Spurn tyrant fashion's fripp'ry bands,
Reject false taste's supreme commands,
Adorn with care the pliant mind,
With love of truth and sense refin'd:
Then would they shine divinely fair,
And worthy of our utmost care;
Then would our hearts a passion own,
Not sprung from outward charms alone,—
A double chain would bind us fast,
And make the cordial union last.

TO A WITHERED ROSE.

Ah once fair flow'r thy roseat bloom is fled!
Wither'd thy leaves, and languid droops thy head!
Late o'er the gay parterre thy beauties shone
'Midst a fair group, unequal'd and alone:
Surrounding rivals all with envy fir'd;
By all the tribes of buzzing beaux admir'd;
By fanning Zephyrs gentle airs carest,
That idly loitering on thy fragrant breast,
Steal balmy odours grateful to the sense,
And wide around the ambrosial sweets dispense.
Pluck'd from the stem where sister roses grew,
And whence thy charms their kind nutrition drew,
No more their leaves a vivid freshness boast,
But all the deeply blushing hue is lost.
Their sweet perfume those shrivel'd leaves retain,
Their odours undiminish'd still remain;

And full as grateful, as when on the bough,
Thou didst within thy native garden blow.

Reflecting on thy fate, still fragrant rose,
The pensive muse this moral emblem draws;—
When bending age, slow-creeping, comes apace,
And steals the charms from fair Eliza's face;
Then when her speaking eye no more shall move
Each swain to rapture, and each heart to love,—
Virtue remains her brightest—greatest charm,
'Tis this we love, and love without alarm;
This shines the noblest beauty of the fair,—
No charm is wanting, if but virtue's there.

THE WILL-A-WISP;

AN ECLOGUE.

What time the sun had from the skies withdrawn,
When with soft light the moon resplendant shone,
Thro' the tall forest's close embowering height,
Her gilded crescent shed uncertain light,
While pensive William held his dubious way,
Alone conducted by the flitting ray.
Swift thro' the trees the hast'ning shepherd hie'd,
To meet his love, his long intended bride:
Full forty forlongs, o'er the heathy moor,
The swain must travel, e'er he reach her door;
That length of journey still did William find,
When he had left the gloomy wood behind.

Now vap'ry clouds obscur'd the silver moon,
Which thro' the floating veil but faintly shone;

And now quick trav'lling o'er the dreary waste,
The swain enamour'd half his toil had pass'd,—
When lo! an envious meteor's errant light
Deceitful shone, and cheats his eager sight:
" Yonders the cottage " (to himself he cries),
" Where Mary's charms shall greet my longing eyes;
There shall my toil a blissful solace find,
In talk with her, so gentle and so kind:—
Lovely—she is so witty and so gay,—
With her how swift the moments steal away!
So sweet she looks, whate'er she does or says,
I could for ever hear, for ever gaze.

Care-worn no more with wakeful love I'll pine,
She shall—the lovely Mary shall be mine;—
I cannot think she would my proffer slight,
She surely would not, if I think aright.
As once I urg'd my suit and warmly prest
('Twas when reclining on her snowy breast),
I told her, would she but consent to join
The hand I held, in wedlocks bands with mine,

No peasant low, or splendid prince so high,
Could taste such joys, or be so blest as I;
She blush'd, and silent drew her hand away;
She said not yes—but yet she said not nay:
Her blushing check, her speaking eye confest,
I then, at least, her kind esteem possest:
So sweet she looks, whate'er she does or says,
I could for ever hear, for ever gaze.

O when she's mine, then with the Lark I'll rise,
Soon as the sun-beam paints the eastern skies;
To fetch my kine, I'll cross the dewy plain,
Assist to milk, and drive to field again.
When summer comes, we'd toil the livelong day,
I'd mow the grass, and she should make the hay:
When yellow harvest waves along the field,
Together we'd our crooked sickles wield;
Pleas'd would we lay the weighty sheaves along,
And sooth our labours with a cheerful song.
How gaily would I fly the whirling flail
To thrash the corn—she'd winnow in the gale;
While loaves or cakes, prepar'd by hands so neat,

To me would taste with relish doubly sweet:
So sweet she looks, whate'er she does or says,
I could for ever hear, for ever gaze.—"

With strains like these, the swain beguil'd his care,
Of fraud mistrustless, or not well aware;
And as the rude spontaneous numbers flow'd,
The quick succession cheats the tedious road:
Heedless he runs to gain the faithless light,
Nor aught suspects, nor weens himself not right;
He fondly hoping soon the cot to gain,
Misguided wanders o'er the trackless plain.
At length, when long he'd roam'd the wide spread waste,
And far beyond the wish'd for cottage past,
Sudden from sight the sportive flame withdrew,—
He stop'd, amaz'd, and wist not what to do!
Then straight emerging shone a radiant beam,
And trembling quiver'd on a purling stream
That cross'd his path—confounded stood the swain,
And sunk exhausted on the heathy plain.

No purling stream had cross'd his path before,
Nor could he guess what ground he'd travell'd o'er;

Yet stung with rage, impatient of delay,
He rose, and backward trod his devious way:
Here fortune prov'd to' wilder'd William kind
(Dame fortune's acts are always vague and blind),
She led his steps thro' bogs and bushy dells,
Straight to the cottage where his Mary dwells,—
She waiting sate (nor reck'd the midnight hour),
For William's promis'd coming o'er the moor.
The weary'd swain his sad mischance relates,
His toilsome wand'ring, and vexatious straits;
She laugh'd to hear—then gave a tender smile,
Glad William saw, nor ru'd his former toil.

THE UNIVERSAL WISH.

What may the Muse presume to call
The Universal Wish of all?
The wish of all will surely be,
If I mistake not—Liberty!

Of life it is the sweetest zest,
Not monarchs are without it blest;
The peasant eats with greater glee,
His crust of bread in Liberty.

Yon birds that flutter in the cage,
And peck their prison bars in rage,
Their only wish is to be free,—
Such are the charms of Liberty!

Old Roger weary'd with the life
He leads with Kate, his scolding wife,

Sighs to himself—ah woe is me!
Was I but once at Liberty!

The thief in grated room confin'd,
Sighs after freedom in his mind;
And if some wealthy cit he sees—
Cries—were I but at Liberty!

The wealthy ward, from window high,
Beholds her lover passing by:
O was I but at age! cries she,—
I then should be at Liberty!

The school-boy for some heinous fault,
Shut up in dark coal-hole or vault,
Impatient hears his comrade's glee,
And pants to be at Liberty!

The miser's hoard with longing eyes,
The heir presumptive views, and cries,—
O would the old Curmudgeon die,
I then should be at Liberty!

Behold on Britain's ample plain,
Content, and wealth, and commerce reign;
Around the waving harvests see,
And all the joys of Liberty!

But view our potent neighbour's coasts
O'er run with fierce embattled hosts;
On all sides want and ruin see,
Fruits of mistaken Liberty!

That Britain long may flourish fair,
Is every Briton's wish and prayer;
And may we live from factions free,
And ne'er misuse our Liberty!

Ye Gods! your crowns, and wealth, and power,
On those who wish them—plenteous shower;
And only grant, I pray, to me—
Health, and the goddess Liberty!

VERSES

occasioned by the Flight of a LINNET, *which had been singing on the top of a Beech, at the foot of which the Author was reclined.*

Say, tuneful Bird, that o'er my head,
Sequester'd in the lonely bower,
Thy wildly-warbling note didſt pour,
Ah! why so soon capricious fled?
Here I could loiter hours away,
On springing vi'lets laid along,
Nor grudge to waste the vernal day,
In list'ning only to thy song.

Sweet fugitive! devoid of fear,
Renew thy gladd'ning, welcome strain;
Return, ah! soon return again,
Nor fancy hidden dangers here?
On plunder bent, unfeeling boys
These sacred haunts ne'er dare invade.

Nor vex with harsh discordant noise,
The lonely, unfrequented shade.

Ah! why this long-protracted stay?
Does some gay wanton's call of love
Allure thy errant flight, to rove
Thro' devious woodlands far away?
Deaf to the Syren's artful voice,
Return, ah! soon return again?
Bid these dull scenes again rejoice,
And sing once more thy melting strain.

Sweet fugitive! thy song is o'er!
I hear no longer trembling float,
The wildly-free extatic note—
And the still grove now charms no more:
A transient hour may thus impart,
The raptur'd bliss we dearly prize,
But scarcely can it reach the heart,
Before the short-liv'd transport dies.

VERSES

written on setting at liberty a BUTTERFLY, *fluttering against my Window.*

Go, flutt'ring pris'ner, seek the flow'ry fields,
And beat with joyful wing thy native air;
What parent Nature's equal bounty yields,
(Thy fav'rite sweets) in perfect freedom share;
O'er thee, I'll ne'er usurp the tyrant right,
To check thy wand'ring, or restrain thy flight.

So short the time that marks thy utmost date,
I'd not abridge thy transient joys an hour—
Go, follow circling wild, thy wand'ring mate,
And chase the fair coquette from flow'r to flow'r:
Perhaps, ev'n now, with boding fear distrest,
She sits impatient on the thistle's breast.

Some time, perhaps, when wayward fancy leads,
To wander where autumnal blossoms blow,
I'll spy thee, hov'ring o'er the fragrant meads,
And see thy bright wings in the sun-beams glow:
But wilt thou, little insect, know 'twas me,
Whose friendly hand from thraldom set thee free?

Ah! no, thy thoughtless bosom ne'er retains
One fleeting trace of all the moments past;
Engross'd alone by present joys or pains,
Each new event obliterates the last:
Yet, tho' the kindness meet no due regard,
I feel, the conscious pleasure brings its own reward.

TO CLEANTHE.

Tell me, unfeeling maid, of sordid mould,
Whose thoughts the charms of wealth alone approve,
Say, can your glitt'ring, dear lov'd idol—gold,
Compensate for the bliss of mutual love?

To win the rich prize to your longing arms,
Try ev'ry scheme, that takes th' unwary heart;
With practis'd skill display your brightest charms,
Spread ev'ry lure, and practise ev'ry art.

And then with downcast, passion-feigning eye,
Falsly reluctant take the offer'd hand;
At Hymen's altar lisp the conscious lie,
With mock confusion, and demeanor bland.

In proud magnificence, ah! roll along,
The glitt'ring slave of peageant-loving pride,

And shine supreme amidst the birthnight throng,
(Much envy'd lot) some Timon's splendid bride.

These all my pity, more than envy raise;
The arts of pride, reflection cannot drown;
And while your face the mask of mirth displays,
Your aching heart will sigh for bliss unknown.

Mine, be the maid whose sentiments refin'd,
Not fortune with her golden lure can move;
Who seeks alone the mutual-kindling mind,
And nobly asks for nought in love, but love.

With gen'rous scorn, her guileless soul disdains
The poor low triumph of a little mind,
To smile exulting o'er a Lover's pains,
And taunt the wretch to misery consign'd.

Tender, ingenuous, devoid of art,
Not meaning ill, nor idly fearing wrong,
The genuine dictates of her gentle heart,
Flow pure and artless from her faithful tongue.

Truth should her brightest, richest meed prepare,
To bless the maid, who does her truth avow;
And on the tender, and the constant fair,
Should Love and Faith their choicest gifts bestow.

Unfriended let him live, that can deceive,
And that kind heart to lovelorn woe consign;
For him no sypathizing bosom heave,
That wanton, e'er shall force a sigh from thine.

FORCE OF VIRTUE.

A tear bedew'd Monimia's eye,
And her soft bosom heav'd a sigh,
A sigh that told her deep distress,
When young Lothario, gay and bold,
His wild licentious wishes told,
Those wishes virtue would repress.

" Apostate now to love and truth,
And canst thou ask me—recreant youth!
To grant thee all thy wild desire?
Ah! soon—full soon, the witless maid,
By love and boundless trust betray'd,
Shall see thy transient flame expire.

Tell me no more of beauties bright,
Thou'lt spurn them from thy loathing sight,
When once thou seest them stain'd with crime;

Soon will thy satiate passion sleep,
And then must I forsaken weep,
And joyless pass the lingering time.

Ah! if to be thy virtuous bride,
Is the blest lot to me deny'd,
Then let us now for ever part;
If in thy breast I only claim
The wishes of a lawless flame,
I'll tear thy image from my heart."

Virtue's firm voice the youth appall'd,
And honour's conscious sense recall'd,
Extinct in passion's giddy hour—
And now, tho' many years are flown,
Monimia hears the *husband* own,
Her beauty's unabated pow'r.

CONTENT;

A VISION.

'Twas underneath a poplar shade,
Alone, I pensive musing stray'd;
The length'ning boughs luxuriant spread,
Their foliage rustling o'er my head,
While thro' them quiv'ring in the gale,
All trembling shot the moon-beams pale;
Not far I heard upon the road,
The carman drive his rumbling load;
And passing thro' the soften'd gleam,
Jocund he whistled to his team.
" How happy is yon swain," I cry'd,
And I (but not for envy) sigh'd,
" No proud ambition fires his breast,
Or anxious cares disturb his rest;
His toil supplies his daily bread,
And smooths at night his homely bed;

Contented with his portion scant,
His only wish is—not to want.
While wit and genius so desir'd,
So much applauded and admir'd,
From those who do them most possess,
But serve to banish happiness;
Nor wealth nor envy'd honour are
Enjoy'd without attendant care."
As meditating thus I stray'd,
I sat me down beneath the shade—
While on the verdant turf reclin'd,
Soft sleep o'ercame my weary mind;
When sudden to my wond'ring sight,
Appear'd a form divinely bright:
So soft and graceful was her air,
She might with Venus well compare.
The robe she wore was purest white,
Bound with a rosy girdle tight;
Her hair hung loose and unconfin'd,
In ringlets wanton'd in the wind;
Her blushing cheek surpass'd the rose,
Her swelling bosom purest snows;

The flow'rets bloom'd beneath her feet,
With charms more fair and breath more sweet.
Advancing near, "Fond youth," she cries,
(Reproof soft beaming in her eyes)
"Why dost thou thoughtlessly repine,
For that content which may be thine.
These fruitless, needless, plaints repress,
'Tis men who make their own distress;
When not contented with their lot,
They only think of what they've not:
They'll drop a true substantial prize,
To catch a shadow as it flies.
Content's the chiefest wish of all,
Yet on how few the lot does fall!
They oft too inconsid'rate range,
The means too oft they fondly change;
Her steps they in each object see,
But she's not in variety.
You poets too have help'd the cheat,
And added to the vain deceit.
Some say she's in the rural scene,
With rustic's dancing on the green;

Or else among the shepherd swains,
Who tend their flocks on verdant plains.
Some on a murm'ring riv'lets side,
Whose waters o'er smooth pebbles glide;
And some midst shady bow'rs and groves,
And where the love-lorn virgin roves.
Say why the rural scene delights?
Or why the murm'ring stream invites?
And why the simple swains, who keep
On verdant plains their fleecy sheep,
Are so much happier thought than you,
Who ardently content pursue?
'Tis not for this—that there alone
Content and peace have rear'd their throne—
Content resides not here or there,
'Tis no where, or 'tis every where.
And those of just enough possest,
In humble happy ign'rance blest;
Their sober minds ne'er learn'd to soar
Beyond their state, or wish for more.
Go!—and contract each vain desire,
Which pride or envy would inspire,

And keep yourself within the state
Prescrib'd by fortune, will, or fate;
Dismiss enquiry, and you'll find,
Contentment center'd in the mind.

TO ELIZA.

Upon Eliza's lovely face,
I saw imprinted every grace
That can, or captivate the heart,
Or pleasure to the soul impart;
The charms that in her person shone,
Were equal'd by her mind alone:
Soft hope thus whisper'd in my ear—
(Her soothing voice I ravish'd hear)
The charms thy longing eyes now see,
May be enjoy'd, blest youth! by thee.

To hope I all my soul resign'd,
She pour'd such rapture o'er my mind,
That to the sweet impulse I gave
Myself, with joy, a willing slave:
While thus my thoughts enraptur'd rove,
And hope augments the fire of Love,
I start, with sudden dread, to hear
Despair thus thunder in my ear,—
Fond youth the false illusion flee,
Such pleasure was not made for thee.

The pleasing phantoms hope had rais'd,
All fled——confounded and amaz'd,
My senses were in stupor bound,
Stunn'd by despair's terrific sound:
Now doubts and fears so intervene,
That hope is but at distance seen;
No more I hear the enchanting voice,
That bids each human heart rejoice;
I fear the dread event will be,
These pleasures were not made for me.

Whether despair or hope said true,
Must be, my fair, reveal'd by you;
On you my hopes and fears rely,
To bid me live, or doom to die;
Your lovely charms my passions move,
And waken all my soul to love:
Ah! triumph not in causing grief,
And then withhold the wish'd relief,
But let—ah! let your sentence be,
Lov'd swain, I give myself to thee.

DELIA;

A PASTORAL BALLAD—IN FOUR PARTS.

LOVE.

I no longer, as usual, can boast
  Of an heart that's unfetter'd with care;
All my wonted indiff'rence I've lost,
  Since first I saw Delia the fair.
The first time I saw the sweet maid,
  Like a bride look so blooming and gay,
Thrilling transports around my heart play'd,
  But with Delia they vanish'd away.

'Twas from her I this pleasure received:
  At length by experience I find,
Tho', indeed, I could scarce have believ'd,
  Love e'er would have enter'd my mind:
For I oft thought that Poets had feign'd,
  The soft tales they related of Love;

That the violence of passion was strain'd,
But, alas! quite mistaken I prove!

For no language can ever reveal,
Tho' drest with the Bard's utmost art,
The tumult of passions I feel,
Or the anguish that preys at my heart:
So careless of late I have grown,
I've unthinkingly broken my hook;
By a riv'let as late I sat down,
My scrip tumbled into the brook.

O'er the plains my poor lambkins now roam,
Unregarded their bleatings resound;
I ne'er bring the poor wanderers home,
But leave them all scatter'd around:
Thro' the vales, thro' the woodlands I stray,
Their beauties I've often admir'd,
Now I wander I care not which way,
And at night come home weary'd and tir'd.

Once how lovely the vale did appear,
What charms in each scene did I see;

Still the face of the vallies are fair,
But now they've no beauties for me.
Two turtles with pleasure I view'd,
As they sat on the quivering spray;
Responsive they courted and coo'd—
But I now from the scene turn away.

For this anguish and pain I endure,
Can a remedy never be found?
Ah! no one this anguish can cure,
But she who inflicted the wound:
Yet if my complaint she wont hear,
The fruitless pursuit I'll give o'er;
From my bosom her image I'll tear,
And think of fair Delia no more.

But, alas! 'twill be labour in vain,
To attempt to forget that I love,
(Love will always it's empire regain)
'Tis too fast with my heart interwove!
Will the fair my petition disdain?
Will she turn with contempt from my sighs?

No; her heart is too soft to give pain,
Or I read a false tale in her eyes.

An aspect so mild can't conceal
In it's bosom an heart that's unkind,
For 'tis said that the eyes will reveal
The passion that rules in the mind;
Then I'll venture to hope she will hear,
With pity, the tale of her swain;
From my heart I will banish all fear,
And hie to her over the plain.

PART THE SECOND.

SOLICITUDE.

How perplexing a state is suspence;
How heaves my full bosom with care;
I can never expel it from hence,
Whilst suspended 'twixt hope and despair:
Should I fancy my fair may be kind,
I dare scarcely encourage the thought,

Or indulge the soft hope in my mind,
Since a frown may reduce it to nought.

Yet, alas! if I strive to repel,
By reflection the passion I feel,
My affections 'gainst reason rebel,
And love on my purpose will steal:
Something whispers and kindly imparts,
That our passion may mutual be;
That a symphathy dwells in the hearts,
Those hearts that were born to agree.

As a loadstone the needle will draw,
Thus attractive's the influence of Love;
So I think—and I hope 'twill be so;
My complaint her kind pity will move:
Come hope! thou sweet soother of grief,
Still thy pow'r so composing impart;
Ah, still pour thy balmy relief
On the anguish that preys on my heart!

How my heart palpitates if I see
Any maid tripping over the plain;

Then I wish it my Delia might be,
But, alas! my fond wishes are vain.
I met her, 'twas not long ago,
A week, 'tis I think, at the most,
Near her door, as I happen'd to go
To seek a stray lamb I had lost.

I had pluck'd a sweet nosegay of flow'rs,
And cull'd all the freshest and best;
She prais'd them—I said they are yours;
She took them and pin'd to her breast:
Happy flowers!—then I thought and I sigh'd,
Might not I have that happiness too?
Could the fair one to me have deny'd
The place that she granted to you?

On my Delia's fond bosom reclin'd,
The world's empty grandeur I'd scorn;
No anguish could then pierce my mind,
Or care in my heart plant a thorn:
No!—cares to the winds I'd consign;
And but to taste rapture so sweet,

All the splendor of wealth I'd resign,
Or a crown if 'twas laid at my feet.

How greatly the hours I should prize,
In my Delia's Society blest,
If she kindly would pity my sighs,
Nor disdain to recline on my breast;
What transports could then equal mine!
Then wealth I'd leave, miser, to thee;
The sot might possess too his wine;
But give gentle Delia to me.

How much I their maxims despise,
Who tell us that Love's but a name;
That it never perplexes the wise,
And the foolish alone feel the flame:
Those cannot have hearts that say so,
Or tasteless of pleasure must prove,
And that too the chief, man can know
The rapturous pleasures of Love.

PART THE THIRD.

INVITATION.

O could I on Delia prevail,
Along with her swain to retire,
To the bow'r which I've rear'd in the vale,
I am sure she'd the prospect admire:
It is shelter'd behind from the cold,
By tall groves of the 'spiring fir tree;
In the front charming prospects unfold,
Sloping gradually down to the sea.

Gently murm'ring a rivulet glides,
In mazy meanders just by,
O'er hung with green sallows it's sides
(Beneath their cool shade one may lie);
And there as they playfully skim,
On the surface so limpid and clear,

You may see all the fishes that swim,
And their scales tipt with silver appear.

My herds range at large o'er the plains,
My Flocks clothe the valley with white,
Plenteous stores too my dairy contains,
From my cows drawn each morning and night;
Sweet melody reigns in my groves,
Such, I know, would delight her to hear;
The Linnets there warble their loves,
And the Blackbird sits whistling near.

The Goldfinch, the Lark, and the Thrush,
To make a sweet concert conspire;
The Redbreast too, from the thorn bush,
Joins his wild warbling note to the choir:
There too we may oftentimes see,
The nest of the wild Turtle-dove,
Where she builds in some ivy-bound tree,
Sweet emblem of conjugal love!

Sometimes on the beach we would walk,
When the waves gently break at our feet,

Beguiling the time with our talk—
And would not such converse be sweet?
Or else on the cliff top so high,
That juts o'er it's base to the main,
We would oft the tall vessels espy,
As they traverse the wide liquid plain.

Oft we'd sit on the sloping green hill,
Where it's sides are o'erspread with our flocks;
Or rest on the bank near the rill,
That gurgling rolls down from the rocks:
O did she but choose to retire,
To those regions of pleasure serene,
She could not (I think) but admire,
The sweet rural charms of the scene.

When every thing's smiling around,
When every thing's festive and gay,
In what heart can a murmur be found,
Or the least discontent ever stay:
Nought but scenes of soft pleasure are here,
And nought else e'er appears to the sight;

Yet these pleasures would Delia but share,
It would doubly increase their delight.

PART THE FOURTH.

REJECTION.

Go my flock where ye list on the plain,
And leave your fond shepherd to weep ;
I shall never be able again
To guide your stray steps, my poor sheep :
Ah do not your shepherd reprove,
That he leaves you untended to stray;
Ere his heart felt the anguish of Love,
He was never once out of the way.

There was once that you never could stray,
That you never untended could roam,
For I constantly watch'd you all day,
And at nightfall I gathered you home;
Ah! that happiness lost now I mourn,
I those days once so tranquil deplore,

They are past, and will never return,
I, alas! shall be happy no more.

So sweetly my Delia then smil'd,
Her soft eyes spoke the language of Love,
And, alas! my fond heart she beguil'd,
Nor could I resist if I'd strove:
Why does Love such soft wishes impart?
Why plant in our bosoms desire?
Yet his influence confine to one heart,
And not mutual impressions inspire.

O ye Zephyrs attend to my lay,
Ah! waft these sad sighs to my dear;
Ye gales on your wings, ah! convey
My complaints to my Delia's ear:
Ah tell her I constantly mourn,
Ah tell her what anguish and pain
I feel till she bid me return,
And indulge my fond hopes once again

But, alas! 'tis too true, I have heard
Her reject all my vows with disdain;

When my suit I so warmly preferr'd
She told me that suit was in vain:
Now I wander alone through the grove,
Quite forlorn and dejected I stray,
Since Delia has slighted my Love,
Since Delia's rejected my lay.

How I shrunk at the sentence severe,
When I hop'd the reward of my pain!
Ah! the sound still vibrates on my ear,
Which told me my suit was in vain!
I could not once lift up my eyes,
From her sight, as I silent withdrew;
My voice was so choak'd with my sighs,
I scarcely could bid her adieu.

I will hie to your shades—lonely woods,
Kindred glooms may invite to repose;
Heave your billows—ye turbulent floods!
My bosom thus heaves with my woes:
Ah still in your shades I shall sigh!
Still my sorrows will follow me there!

Hope, adieu!—for wherever I fly
My attendants are grief and despair.

HYMN TO CONTENTMENT.

Is there a man, of sense refin'd,
When sick'ning woes oppress his mind;
When frustrate hope, or cold disdain,
Infuse their life-embitt'ring pain,
And bid him with retorted scorn,
The world, and all its minions spurn;
That would from all these pangs be free,
But sighs, and wistful looks to thee?

Is there a bard, of feelings strong,
Who lone, records the melting song,
And to the passing breeze complains,
And pours his soul in pensive strains,
That doth not twine for thee the wreath,
And ardent at thine altar breathe

The gentle wish, that e'er will be,
With pious fervour, pour'd to thee?

On life's rough ocean, tempest tost,
Far from the friendly shelt'ring coast;
When the dark skies, the howling storm,
And conflict rude, the scene deform;
Who can maintain the weary strife,
And combat with the shocks of life,
Nor long to reach, with ardour keen,
Thy tranquil port, thy clime serene?

No goblins haunt thy quiet plain;
No jars disturb thy peaceful reign;
Nor e'er malignant demons dare
To spread alarm and terror there;
But thither fairy elves resort,
And keep unscar'd their nightly court,
And gaily dance their frolic round,
And scatter bounties o'er the ground.

O! could I find thy fav'rite grove,
I, there in tranquil ease would rove—

Wilt thou admit a mortal guest,
Within thy coy retreats to rest?
Ah! much I fear that wild desire,
Pride's haughty swell, Ambition's fire,
And Passion's mad licentious train,
Would soon o'erturn thy gentle reign.

Alas! how much unfit is he,
To dwell in peaceful calm with thee,
Within whose heart, lurks secret care,
Or baneful passions harbour there!
'Tis he alone, whose stedfast soul,
Can all their madd'ning rage controul;
Who bursts, with firm resolve, the chain,
And can to be their slave disdain.

LINES

Addressed to a young Lady, who wrote many beautiful Poetical Pieces, which appeared in the Hull Advertiser, signed

NEMORINA.

Ah! why (sweet songstress of the lonely grove!)
No more you touch the poet's tuneful lyre?
Why cease you with the gentle muse to rove,
And sing those themes her converse can inspire?

I erst have sigh'd, when o'er my languid head
The sylvan warblers ceas'd their sprightly strain;
When frighted Philomela sudden fled,
And left me lonely wand'ring to complain.

But can the wild notes of the feather'd choir,
Melodious trilling o'er the warbler's tongue,
Give the delight those nobler themes inspire,
Which prompt the poet's intellectual song?

Again resume (sweet songstress of the grove!)
Your lyre, and touch it with a master's art;
Again repeat the dulcet strains I love,
And pour new pleasures on the gladden'd heart.

ON THE AUTHOR'S WRITING A LETTER TO HIS MOTHER.

O'er joyless barren heaths, or rocky vales,
O'er lofty mountains, and o'er sylvan dales,
That part me from the dear maternal eye,
With tenderest wishes wing'd, O Letter fly
Swift as the eagle's pinions cleave the air,
The soft effusions of this bosom bear!
(O! rather mounted on the bounding steed,
Myself would fly and urge his swiftest speed:
By filial transport mov'd, outstrip the wind,
And leave the hills, the dales, the plains behind,
The sweets of kind maternal joy to prove,
And pay the tribute of my filial love).

O Thou whose early counsel form'd my mind;
Whose judgment guided, and whose taste refin'd:
Say how you find the antiquated dome,
Whose lofty walls must be your future home.

When o'er the moors you bent your tedious way,
Phœbus, resplendent, bless'd the vernal day;
In rocky caverns, stretching deep and wide,
Beneath th' Æolian mountain's rugged side,
Their monarch safely lock'd each stormy wind,
In durance firm their swelling rage confin'd;
Zephyrus only placid, calm and mild,
Blew lightly, floating o'er the boundless wild:
No foes appear'd with frowning terrors arm'd,
No danger threaten'd, and no fears alarm'd:
Arriv'd at length, nor by fatigue o'ercome,
With cheerful hearts you hail'd your future home:
These, if a son's fond wishes could impart
(Wishes that flow spontaneous from the heart),
You had—and, ev'ry former scene resign'd,
Ne'er sigh'd or look'd with fond regret behind.
Ah! what regret! for nothing could you leave
Might ask a tear, or cause your breast to heave;

No parting friend the briny torrent pours,
Sighs to your sighs, or mingles tears with yours;
You can regret no social kind delights,
No pleasing converse, and no festive nights.
Alas! hard apathy with icy mound,
Has fenc'd each heart, each frigid heart around:
Rude as the soil, the sun-burnt rustic roves,
Through flow'ry meadows, and through leafy groves;
Yet sees no beauties in the fertile plain,
But as his crops or herds increase his gain;
Nor dreams, while toiling thro' the solar light,
That social converse can afford delight.
Their dowdy dames deserve no higher praise;
Such like employments too, consume their days:
No higher aim their homely wishes mean,
Than cheeses firm, eggs plenty, butter clean.
No other subject e'er employs their tongues,
But what to their domestic toil belongs;
If scandal e'er for higher powers should call,
But a dull tale you hear—and that is all.
I think I see the children's great surprize,
When first the ocean met their wond'ring eyes,

Wide o'er the blue expanse, their eager sight,
Beholds the distant bark with sails of white,
Direct it's course, and bounding o'er the wave
In search of gain, storms, rocks, and billows brave:
I see them running, eager to pursue,
With the next sun, the variegated view;
With gladden'd hearts stroll o'er the sandy shore,
And find a thousand things unknown before.

I come! ye hills, ye russet heaths recede!
Give way, ye mountains, to my eager speed!
Tho' rocks oppose, tho' rivers cross my way,
Nor rocks, nor rivers, shall my journey stay;
Though passing unconducted and alone,
Through paths before untravell'd and unknown:
O'er filial love, the Genius who presides,
Attends my travel, and my footsteps guides;
Like Tobit's angel (tho' unseen) be-friends;
Close at my side the faithful sylph attends,
Points out my path, amidst the devious maze
Of rugged roads, and scarce imprinted ways.

ON THE BIRTH-DAY OF MISS *****, OF HULL.

At length, my Anne, revolving time,
With steady pace, unheard, unseen,
Brings on the stage of youthful prime,
Th' important æra of sixteen.

'Tis now that ev'ry rip'ning charm,
Unfolds it's captivating pow'r;
And our fond hearts elate and warm,
Are now for Love's soft joys mature,

But ah! my friend, with jealous care,
List to the sysen's artful wile;
For Love will spread the hidden snare,
And faithless shepherds will beguile.

Behold the half unfolding rose,
'Midst thousand riper beauties stand,

As with a fresher sweet she blows,
More strongly tempts the gath'rer's hand.

'Tis thus with beauty, joy, and youth,
Where'er the blended charms appear;
They seldom hear the voice of truth,
Reserv'd to sooth a riper year.

Ah! listen only to the swain,
By parent tenderness approv'd;
Let him alone your kindness gain,
And be alone the youth belov'd.

Well should we guard our treach'rous hearts,
That oft, too oft, ourselves deceive:
Unpractis'd in Love's mazy arts,
Too soon they prompt us to believe.

And then when past life's ardent noon,
And youth's capricious heat is fled,
Long, long, shall each returning June,
Pour choicest blessings on your head.

THE LOVERS TO THEIR FAVOURITE TREE.*

Long the wintry tempests braving,
Still this short inscription keep;
Still preserve this rude engraving,
On thy bark imprinted deep:

* In the hospital endowed by an ancestor of Sir Charles Turner, Bart. at Kirkleatham, amongst other natural and artificial curiosities, is a very singular tree. It had been cut down, and divided into lengths, for the purpose of converting it into fire-wood, but upon its being split by the woodman's wedge, the heart of the tree turned out round and entire; the outward part which enclosed it, being about the thickness of four inches. Round the inner bole or heart, which is about a foot in diameter, are several letters, carved in a rude and seemingly irregular manner, but upon a closer observation are found to wind round the wood in a spiral form, and the following couplet is plainly legible:

This tree long time witness bear,
Two true-lovers did walk here.

There are likewise other letters, which seem to be the initial of the Lover's names, who appear to have frequented the solitary spot where the tree has grown, to vent the effusions of their mutual passion, and to enjoy the pleasure of each other's conversation sequestered and unobserved.

" This tree, long time witness bear,
" Two True-lovers did walk here."

By the softest ties united,
Love has bound our souls in one
And by mutual promise plighted,
Waits the nuptial rite alone.—
Thou, a faithful witness bear,
Of our plighted promise here.

Tho' our sires would gladly sever
Those firm ties they disallow,
Yet they cannot part us ever—
We will keep our faithful vow.
And in spite of threats severe,
Still will meet each other here.

While the dusky shade concealing,
Veils the faultless fraud of love,
We from sleepless pillows stealing,
Nightly seek the silent grove ;

And escap'd from eyes severe,
Dare to meet each other here.

Wealth and titles disregarding
(Idols of the sordid mind),
Calm content true love rewarding,
Is the bliss we wish to find.—
Thou tree, long time witness bear,
Two such Lovers did walk here.

To our faithful love consenting
(Love unchang'd by time or tide),
Should our haughty sires relenting,
Give the sanction yet deny'd;
'Midst the scenes to mem'ry dear,
Still we oft will wander here.

Then our ev'ry wish compleated,
Crown'd by kinder fates at last,
All beneath thy shadow seated,
We will talk of seasons past;

When, by night, in silent fear,
We did meet each other here.

On thy yielding bark, engraving
Now in short our tender tale,
Long, time's roughest tempest braving,
Spread thy branches to the gale;
And, for ages, witness bear,
Two True-lovers did walk here.

ELEGIAC PIECES.

COMPLAINT OF A CIRCASSIAN SLAVE, CONFINED IN THE OTTOMAN SERAGLIO.

What means this aching void within my breast?
This poignant grief that wrings my throbbing heart?
Not Selim's ample gifts can make me blest,
No joy his warm caresses can impart.

Alas! amidst the frauds of venal love,
I sigh for something which I cannot find;
Far from the festive scene my wishes rove,
Not by the Haram's lofty walls confin'd.

Back to Circassia's citron groves I fly,
Scenes of my youth! where thro' the fragrant shade,
Aw'd by no Kislaar's terror darting eye,
Content and careless often have I stray'd.

Ah! why did partial nature, on my face,
With lavish hand, diffuse the crimson glow?
Why to this form impart an envy'd grace,
Or bid my voice with tuneful sweetness flow?

Had not my fates the tempting mischief giv'n,
To prompt my sordid father's golden dreams,
Secure and blest beneath my native heav'n,
I still had dwelt by Haban's* wand'ring streams.

Hard is my fate! forc'd from my native land,
The slave of lust, on foreign coasts to live;
To a capricious master's stern command,
What love refuses fear compels to give.

No soft emotion rugged Selim feels,
Love's gentle influence never touch'd his heart:

* A River of Circassia.

From sick reluctance what he rudely steals,
What pleasure can it to his soul impart?

Reflection turns abhorrent at the thought;
Soft nature shrinks, as from the poison'd bowl;
And hates, tho' by parental lessons taught,
To feign the joys that never touch the soul!

Ah! blush, ye parents, whom the thirst of gold,
Has steel'd to Nature's strong, tho' silent claim,
The broken tie, the virgin honour sold,
Must overwhelm your sordid minds with shame

Sure Nature's Parent never could intend,
So vile a traffic, and a sale so base;
The father sure was meant to be the friend,
And not the pander to his child's disgrace.

Circassian maids assert the rights of love!
The freeborn pleasure, servitude disdains;
As the light bird that wings from grove to grove,
It flies from force, and spurns coercive chains.

No longer tamely yield to tyrant fear,
Heed not their frowns, who break thro' Nature's laws;
But rise! to whom a virtuous love is dear,
Scorn the vile thraldom and defend your cause!

How happy they, whom partial fates have made
Free in their choice, and whom no fetters bind,
But softest union joins the swain and maid,
The mutual passion and congenial mind.

Ah me! what angry star malignant shone,
What evil genius on my birth-day frown'd,
That formed for freedom and chaste love alone,
This hated Haram should enclose me round?

O had kind heav'n a happier lot ordain'd!
O had I been in gentler regions born!
Then had my soul her utmost wishes gain'd,
Nor sought to weep in secret shades forlorn.

Ah! then some dear-loved youth had bless'd my arms
(Nor vain that secret hope my thoughts approve)

Our hearts enrapt with mutual fond alarms,
And blest with all the smiling train of love.

Now in hard durance, without hope of end,
Lock'd in the strong seraglio's dull confine,
No youth I see, no sympathizing friend,
No heart that beats in unison with mine.

Here in these walls for ever close immur'd,
Hopeless, I pine the dreary time away;
By massy bolts and jealous guards secur'd,
In gloomy sadness glides the passing day.

In giddy mirth my partners dance along,
Nor feel their slav'ry, nor to feel desire:
So the tame bird chants forth it's thoughtless song,
That long inclosed heeds not the imprisoning wire.

But, oh! when shall my ardent soul forget,
The secret wish that prompts the frequent sigh?

Not till this wounded heart shall cease to beat,
And death's cold hand shall close this streaming eye,

O come, at length, sweet solace to my woes!
Thy friendly aid can set the captive free!
Low in the grave I hope to find repose,
That long, a stranger, ceased to visit me.

And wasted by the ruffian hand of woe,
My heart, alas! anticipates its doom;
Soon shall the vital current cease to flow,
And fate consign me to an early tomb.

THE SLIGHTED MAID.

The bells that from yon distant tow'r,
So jocund Damon's marriage tell;
Tho' now they hail the blissful hour,
Will soon proclaim my fun'ral knell:
Ah! Damon, e'er thy flatt'ring tale
My unsuspicious nature won,
I gaily sung o'er hill and dale,
Blythe as the bird that hails the sun.

Amidst the hymeneal train,
Ah! should it to thy ear be born;
Thy slighted nymph along the plain,
Strays (wretched rover!) all forlorn:
Say, will a gentle struggling sigh
Escape amidst the festive scene?
Will mem'ry's retrospective eye,
Look back on days that once have been?

Alas! ungrateful as thou art,
For thee these ceaseless sorrows flow;
For thee this fond, this swelling heart,
Will break amidst the shocks of woe:
But, Damon, when my corse is laid
All pale along the untimely bier;
Say, for the poor forsaken maid,
Wilt thou let fall a tender tear?

When roving o'er the hallow'd ground,
Encircled all with mournful yew,
Should the green sod that clasps me round,
Obtrusive catch thy careless view:
Say, as thou gazest on my dust,
With conscious feelings wilt thou glow?
And to thy once-loved Anna just,
Will pity's glist'ning current flow?

Ah, no! in earth's cold bosom laid,
Let me unwept, forgotten lie;
Nor (tho' 't would sooth my lonely shade,)
Bestow on me one single sigh—

'T would wrong the fair, the happy bride,
Whom kinder fates have join'd to thee;
Be then that last sad claim deny'd,
And never once reflect on me.

ELEGY ON THE YOUNG, BEAUTIFUL, AND ACCOMPLISHED LADY GRANTLEY.

Say, shall the muse with heedless step pass by,
All beauteous Grantley thy too early tomb?
Can the wild rover's unregarding eye,
O'erlook so fair a flower's untimely doom.

Not till this melting heart shall cease to feel,
Can she with-hold the tributary tear;
From sombre shades funereal cypress steal,
And pensive strew it o'er the mournful bier.

Ah me! nor youth, nor beauty, can impart
Protecting aid, or purest virtue save,

From death's relentless pow'r, and careless dart,
From the fierce ravin of the greedy grave.

Ah! had but these possess'd that gentle pow'r,
Had only those the stern destroyer stay'd;
Then ling'ring destiny's protracted hour,
It's coming Grantley would have long delay'd.

Then many a year revolving o'er thy head,
Might to thy virtues daily blessings bring;
And thine attendant angel round thee shed
Reviving dews, from kind Hygeia's spring.

That night, when first to hail the royal bride,
From kindred Brunswick to our isle convey'd,
Thou didst propose, in beauty's faultless pride,
And all the elegance of dress array'd.

That very night, the fatal torpor prest
Thy languid eye, and rifled all thy bloom;
The sanguine current's vital flow repress,
And chang'd thy ball-room to a clay-cold tomb!

Perhaps, too lovely lower courts to grace,
Admiring angels urg'd thy soul to rise,
Disdaining earth, to seek its native place,
And join the bright assembly of the skies.

EFFUSION OF MELANCHOLY.

Why nature did thy erring hand impart,
So vague a present as a feeling heart?
Why on that heart the painful pow'r bestow,
To melt in soft affection's thrilling glow;
Yet ne'er the bliss of mutual passion prove,
Or taste the joys of sympathetic love?
If human happiness be thy design,
And fate's strong hand mark out the destin'd line,
Ah! why so rarely join'd, in union sweet,
Do kindred minds and souls congenial meet?
This ardent bosom, wrung with anguish dire,
And all the agonies of soft desire,

That joyless, comfortless, must mourn in vain,
Beneath a hopeless passion's tyrant reign,
With too much reason blames thy stern regard,
Thy cruel bounty, and thy kindness hard.

Far better had thy care maternal shewn
Insensate apathy, a heart of stone;
Cold, listless, dullness, never taught to feel,
Shot thro' the nerves the agonizing thrill,
The kindling wish, or soul-transpiercing pain,
When the heart finds it's gentle wishes vain:
Then calm, secur'd from passion's boist'rous gale,
My bark would smoothly thro' life's ocean sail;
And not, as now, from hopes firm anchor torn,
Wide o'er the stormy waves, by sweeping winds be born.

COMPLAINT OF AN AFRICAN WOMAN FOR THE LOSS OF HER HUSBAND.

Poor child! (how contented it sleeps)
As yet quite a stranger to woe;
'Tis unknown why thy mother thus weeps,
Why her tears thus incessantly flow:
Ah, cease not to flow briny tears!
Ye bring to my anguish relief;
Ye give vent to my heart rending cares,
And soften the sharpness of grief.

Ah! did ye not flow to my aid,
My heart would have broken in twain;
Alas! by barbarians betray'd,
I shall ne'er see my husband again!
The wretches well skill'd to beguile,
With a smile on their brow thou didst meet;

Ah! why didst thou trust in that smile,
Beneath it lurk'd faithless deceit.

I am told that in dungeons confin'd,
Shut out from the light of the day,
With strong fetters the captive they bind,
Who is made (sad misfortune!) their prey:
That in huge floating castles they're born,
To a country far distant from here—
From all tender connexions they're torn,
From all that their souls could hold dear.

Far, far, they are born from the soil,
Where their love, their affections remain;
And compell'd for their tyrants to toil,
To gather their harvests with pain.
The sigh that is bursting my heart,
Accuses my fondness and care;
Ah why did I let thee depart!
In thy dangers why did not I share!

Ah my child!—but I shall not yet be
Quite of all consolation bereft—
I will cease to lament—since in thee,
I still some small comfort have left:
I will live!—but it is for thy sake!
To thee I'll transfer all my care;
But for thee—I had plung'd in the lake,
In the transports of grief and despair.

To the woods dark recesses I'll fly,
Where fell tygers prowl nightly for prey;
Could I hide from these ravagers' eye—
The tyger's less cruel than they.
'Tis hunger alone that excites
These monsters to range thro' the wood;
But the Christian, more savage, delights
To riot in carnage and blood.

Grief will soon bring my life to a close,
To the land I shall then wing my way,
Where the spirits departed repose—
Impatient I wait for the day!

I again shall my husband behold,
In safety reclin'd in the grove;
Where the fierce Christian thirsting for gold,
Shall part me no more from my love.

ELEGIAC VERSES,

Written on the Grave of an unfortunate Fair-one who fell a sacrifice to perfidy.

As slowly wand'ring on, with pensive tread,
I take my silent, solitary way;
Where lock'd in long enduring sleep, the dead
Beneath the surface undistinguish'd lay.

Keen recollection pointed out thy tomb,
Ill-starr'd Amelia! lovely—hapless maid!

Plac'd in my view thy sad untimely doom,
The broken vow, and innocence betray'd.

Once thou in all the pride of beauty drest,
Tript light and careless o'er the dewy plain.
No secret care within thy peaceful breast,
The darling toast of many an am'rous swain.

Till by false William's flatt'ring speeches won,
Thy heart confess'd love's all subduing sway;
At length—poor maid!—too easily undone!
The wily rover fled thee far away.

That shock, too rude, convuls'd thy gentle frame,
A weight of woes so great, too weak to bear;
Too soft to meet the world's opprobious shame,
Or bear the rankling wounds of deep despair.

These eyes beheld thy virgin bloom decay,
From secret anguish undermining slow;

Health's vivid blush steal unperceiv'd away,
And pale succeed the sickly hue of woe.

The pining victim of ill-quited love,
Thy tender bosom with rude passions torn;
Oft have I seen thee wander thro' the grove,
There sigh in secret, and there weep forlorn.

So have I known a beauteous lilly fade,
Close at whose root some hidden worm applies
It's cank'ring bite—declines the flowret's head,
Low sunk on earth it drooping pines and dies.

When whisp'ring by the moon's chaste beam they rove,
The swains and maids shall at thy tomb appear;
There seal their vows of ever constant love,
And heave a sigh, and drop a pitying tear.

The mournful cypress grown spontaneous there,
With quiv'ring boughs upbraids the perjur'd swain;

If on thy grave he steps, devoid of care,
The green sod heaves not heedless of thy pain.

Ah! may thy death a friendly warning give,
(Some comfort for thy melancholy fate);
That maids taught caution, may with fear believe,
Lest won too soon, they mourn their fall too late.

ODES.

ODE

TO THE PEREMPTORY, ILL-NATURED, AND UNWELCOME MONOSYLLABLE—NO.

Thou saucy malapert! away!
Thy name ah! may I never hear,
Nor blasts malignant e'er convey
Thy mandate to my startled ear;
May winds disperse the sound in air,
E'er on the trembling nerve imprest,
(The sound that fills with grief the breast,
And gives the heart to dire despair.)
All hateful! may the maid I love renounce thee,
And never, with averted look, pronounce thee.

Full many a heart, oppress'd with woe,
Has cause to mourn thy baleful pow'rs,
That bid the stream of sorrow flow,
Full fast adown in briny show'rs.
For sweatmeats teazing, many a boy,
Struck with the heart-appalling sound,
Has weeping rolled along the ground,
His little bosom dead to joy;
Or fled to vent the grief that rends his soul,
In some dark corner or some gloomy hole.

Thou offspring vile of tyrant pride,
Thou lordest o'er the weak and poor;
Like surly porter, or sour mastiff try'd,
Dost spurn the suppliant from the door—
To wand'ring mendicants well known,
Thy dreaded name gives little care,
But sinks the wretch, who seeks a gown,
In lowest depths of dark despair.
The pliant courtier, at my Lord's levee,
More than the devil dreads the sight of thee.

In all its gorgon terrors deck'd,
Thy form the trembling poet scares;
Who long, in spite of cold neglect,
Has worry'd patronage with pray'rs.
The wretched scribbler, slow retires,
Dejected, all his wishes crost,
All hopes of future fortune's lost,
And quench'd the muse's ardent fires;
Full well, his lengthen'd face, and hollow cheek,
The poignant anguish of his soul bespeak.

The sighing lover, too, poor wight!
By thee (hard case!) expell'd from heav'n,
Must quit his dear-lov'd fair-one's sight,
And fly, to lonely desarts driv'n:
Wild-starting, still he seems to hear,
Re-echo'd 'midst the gloom profound,
The dreadful hope-destroying sound,
All sad vibrating on his ear;
And lonely wand'ring o'er the wild, distrest,
He strays forlorn, and weeping beats his breast.

Ah! ne'er with rigour stern oppose
The gentle wishes of a genial flame,
Nor give a prey to hopeless woes,
The heart a better meed may claim.
But, when with wild, unbridled force,
Heedless of reason's high behest,
Rude passions sway the ardent breast,
Restrain us in our headlong course;
When we, forgetful, cease to act as men,
Step resolute between, and check us then.

ODE TO RAGE.

Hence, inflaming pow'r, depart!
Ne'er shalt thou invade my heart;
Softer passions there shall reign,
Passions that infuse no pain—
When the deeply wounded breast
Has receiv'd thee as its guest,
Joy and peace that moment flee
From the heart that harbours thee.

Gloomy horrors on thee wait,
Fell revenge, and deadly hate;
Furies shake their hissing hair,
And their fiery torches glare;
Hence enkindled flames the breast
That admit thee as its guest;
Far all joy and pleasures flee
From the heart that harbours thee.

Where the steely falchion's blaze,
(Widely flash the gleaming rays)
And the clanging trump from far,
Sounds the prelude of the war;
Thou that pantest then for blood,
Glut thyself and swill the flood:
Ev'ry throbbing heart inspire
With thy hot vindictive fire;
But in flaming passion flee
Far away, I beg, from me.

Flashing eyes that straining roll
Then bespeak the vengeful soul—
Sounds terrific, horrid cries,
Victor shouts, and groans arise.
Stalking o'er the heaps of dead,
Blood-stain'd Vengeance rears her head,
And with thee thro' all the plain,
Fiercely wakes the war amain.
Scenes that give delight to thee
May they never visit me.

Hence depart, and seek the plains,
Where infernal discord reigns,
Or where storms receive their birth;
Thence impel the tempest forth;
Make the billows louder roar,
Fiercer blasts assail the shore;
'Midst the whirlwinds rushing stream
Reign thou there, and reign supreme;
But betake thee from my breast,
There shall rule a milder guest—
Hence vindictive passion flee,
I'm enrag'd alone at thee.

ODE TO FRIENDSHIP.

Friendship! sweet source of ev'ry joy,
Thy smiles each frown of fate defy;
O let me call thee mine!
With thee I'll brave the heaviest storm,
Distress and woe in ev'ry form;
O make this bosom thine!

The happy pair, who own thy reign,
Enjoy what monarchs seek in vain,
And share the sweets of life;
Their home amidst the warbling grove,
The seat of Virtue and of Love,
Is free from care and strife.

Here kindness wipes the trav'ller's tear,
Here tenderness and grace appear,
To chear the drooping mind;

Here sickness finds a healing balm,
Here troubles grow divinely calm,
Where Love and Friendship's join'd.

This consecrated blissful seat,
Affords a safe and sweet retreat,
From grief and haggard care;
Here streams of fond affection rise,
And sympathy that never dies,
To bless the happy pair.

Hail, Friendship! Queen of earthly joys,
Without thee, diadems are toys,
And vain is nature's store;
With thee I would for ever rest,
Made by thy smile supremely blest,
Nor ask the world for more.

ODE TO THE RISING SUN.

Hail, great effulgent source of light!
Whose beams disperse the shades of night,
And bring the gladsome day:
Now, where the hoary ocean laves
Ting'd with the golden ray
Upon the floating surface green,
Are thousand radiant colours seen.

The lark, sweet harbinger of morn,
(Soon as thy rising beams adorn,
With light the orient skies)
In air suspended on his wings,
To thee his tuneful matin sings,
And bids each warbler rise:
The cock's shrill echo in the shed,
Calls each lab'rer from his bed.

What sparkling gems appear in view,
Illusive shining midst the dew
That strews the verdant lawn,
Absorbed by thy potent ray,
The glitt'ring spangles sink away
Soon as the splendour's dawn:
With hasty steps the village swain
Brushes along the shining plain.

See each variegated flower,
Warm'd by thy enlivening power,
Displays its fairest bloom;
The varied pink, and blushing rose,
Their nightly folded leaves disclose,
And breathe a sweet perfume:
And thousand fresh'ning flow'rets blown,
Thy kind congenial influence own.

When we behold thee glorious rise,
With crimson dye the eastern skies,
And bring returning light;

From other lands thy beam withdraws,
Thou leav'st them to enjoy repose,
Beneath the veil of night:
Thus each extensive hemisphere
Thy warm prolific rays do chear.

Hail, all glorious god of day!
Whose kind invigorating ray
Does light and life diffuse!
To view thy course with moral eye,
Will with the noblest themes supply
The contemplative muse!
Awak'd by thee it learns to soar,
And the Creator's pow'r adore!

ODE TO DISAPPOINTMENT.

——— Spem vetat inchoare longam.

Relentless wilt thou still pursue?
Still keep thy hapless game in view,
Nor ever quit the fainting prey?
By elfin hands unseen, convey'd,
Art thou the luckless present made,
To mark the poet's natal day!
For still, with thee he holds unequal strife,
Pursuing close thro' ev'ry maze of life.

When youthful hope elate, has shewn
Gay scenes, by busy fancy drawn,
And bid ideal prospects bloom;
When fond desire, with effort vain,
On forward wing has strove to gain
A certain taste of joys to come;
Thine iron arm has scattered ruin round,
And dash'd the fairy picture to the ground.

When patriot zeal with nobler fire.
Has bid his rising soul aspire,
And warmly wish to serve mankind;
Yet thou the gen'rous heat oppos'd,
And still, thy pow'r invet'rate, cross'd,
Whate'er his ardent thought design'd,
Bound him reluctant with coercive chain,
And dragg'd to dull obscurity again.

Yet why should mole-ey'd man repine?
Fix'd are the bounds, and firm the line,
That marks out nature's mazy plan;
Nor should the poet's plaintive strain
Alone of wayward fate complain,
His lot's the common lot of man:
Each, of the bitter cup must sometimes share,
Thy faithful mirror shews us what we are.

Withdraw from me thy direful train
Disgust, that on surmises vain
His moody melancholy feeds;

And sorrow wan, and wand'ring wild,
Despondence pale, thy sickly child,
Uncouthly wrapt in sombre weeds:
Still, in my breast, thy banditt passions rude
Shall find a steadfast hope yet unsubdued.

The Muse's gentle dulcet pow'r,
Can, ev'n in thy *triumphant* hour,
Compose the tumult of my breast;
Her voice, can sorrow's sting disarm,
With gentle sorcery can charm
And lull corroding care to rest.
I yet, as pensively I steal along,
Can soothe my sadness with a heartfelt song,

TO THE SPRING.

Keenly, o'er the wide heath sweeping
Wintry blasts still vex the plain;
Cald in daisies, early peeping,
When will spring return again?
Soon, ah! soon, on genial wing,
Life, and love, and pleasure bring.

Not with war's grim train attended,
Let thy mild approach be found,
Let the horrid strife be ended,
Bid the clarion cease to sound;
Soon, ah! soon, on genial wing,
Peace and joy and plenty bring.

Careful o'er the ploughshare bending,
Bid the swain resume his toil,
And with grain in store attending,
Bid the sower strew the soil:

Soon, ah! soon, on genial wing,
Hopes of future harvests bring.

'Mid the pine trees, lonely cooing,
Let the plaintive turtle wail;
Each, his mate, the warblers wooing,
Bid them chant their am'rous tale:
Thy return, on genial wing,
Then each vocal grove shall sing.

Bid the gentle showers water,
Let enliv'ning Phœbus warm,
Then again, reviving nature
Shall disclose her ev'ry charm;
Soon, refreshing zephyr, bring
All the breathing sweets of spring.

Yet, with anxious thought, pursuing
Causes of well grounded fear;
Scenes of want and sorrow viewing,
Pity drops the silent tear:

But, with speed, all-chearing spring,
Better hopes and prospects bring.

ODE TO NOVEMBER.

Month of the gloomy brow, I feel,
Within my breast, thy sadd'ning pow'r,
As o'er the skies dank vapours steal,
And slowly falls the drizzling show'r.
Where'er I turn with languid eye,
I see thy frosty shiv'ring breeze
Remorseless strip the sighing trees,
And hurl their foliage thro' the sky;
While weeping nature bids the world retire,
To seek the cheerful comforts of the winter's fire.

The sylvan choir's responsive notes,
Ne'er tell their loves, or joys to thee

As whirl'd in air, the foliage floats,
They silent quit the rifled tree.
The Robin only, hopping near,
Departing summer's latest child,
His artless carol warbling wild,
Aspires to please the list'ning ear;
Perch'd on the naked thorn, his simple strain,
Cheers the lone-labours of the ever-toiling swain.

The blasted grove, the naked plain,
All nature's aspect, dark, and drear,
Proclaim thy soul-depressing reign,
To ev'ry eye, and ev'ry ear:
For oft, while winds of evening blow,
Pale melancholy's sombre gloom,
The timid soul to care will doom,
And conjure up ideal woe;
And oft, unequal to th' internal strife,
The drooping heart will sicken at the ills of life.

Yet still I love thy solemn air,
Thy sighing gale and sky o'ercast;

I see a gloomy beauty there,
And fancy music in the blast.
Yet chief, thy ev'ning hours I prize,
When o'er the hills, the vales, and streams,
The pale moon's soften'd lustre gleams,
And bids her shadowy forms arise;
There while I wander by the ray serene,
I trace the pensive beauties of the silent scene.

If only vernal blooms allure,
If only summer suns delight,
Who could thy surly blasts endure,
Or winter's dreary dismal night?
But, till the rolling seasons cease,
The heart that finer feelings warm,
Nature in ev'ry form will charm,
And still, in ev'ry change will please.
In ev'ry change, the varied scenes impart,
New sources of pure pleasure, to the feeling heart.

'Tis thine, the ardent breast to fire,
To rouse the patriot's sacred rage,

And keenly wake the warm desire,
To trace the philosophic page.
Thine, inspiration's raptur'd hour,
When the fond heart will keenly glow,
And bid the tuneful numbers flow,
And ply the muse's forceful pow'r:
And still, while fancy's fairy forms arise,
The pensive bosom heaves, at ev'ry breeze's sighs,

I see, chill herald of the storm,
The rigid tyrant follow fast;
Fair nature shuns his dreaded form,
And shrinks beneath his Arctic blast.
But while the black'ning tempests rise,
Hope flies to meet on forward wing,
The genial hours, when warmer skies
Again shall wake the latent spring,
When flow'rs once more shall deck the vernal plain,
And all reviving nature gaily smile again.

ON THE DISPERSION OF THE FRENCH FLEET, BY LORD HOWE.

Proudly o'er the ocean riding,
Gallia's lofty vessels sweep;
Britain's boasted strength deriding,
Mistress of the azure deep:
"Let us" (say the boasting railers),
"Tear from Britain's lordly brow;
"Laurels that her gallant sailors,
"Long, too long have made to blow,

"She pretends," (what foolish notion!)
"That the God who holds command
"O'er the wild unbounded ocean,
"Gave his trident to her hand:
"Let us snatch the fancy'd sceptre,
"From our overbearing foe;
"And o'erwhelm the fleets that kept her,
"In the roaring main below."

Neptune saw his fav'rites danger,
Heard with scorn the Gallic threat;
"Never shall your efforts change her,
"Britain ne'er shall know defeat:"
(Thus the God) "securely guarded,
"Commerce on these happy shores,
"By unbounded wealth rewarded,
"Shall confide her ample stores.

"Far as ocean's waves extending,
"Round the world from pole to pole;
"Her's be empire never-ending,
"Where the heaving billows roll:
"Freedom but by justice bounded,
"On the gen'rous nation smiles;
"And inhabits, sea-surrounded,
"Only in the British Isles.

"Proudly you may threat and hector,
"Talk of Britain's overthrow;
"But reflect I'm her protector,
"Know I'm your determin'd foe."

Speaking thus, and angry frowning,
Storms that shook the liquid plain;
Some dismasting, others drowning,
Swept their navy from the main.

TO ENVY.

Fell nurse of dark revengeful hate,
On whom vindictive furies wait,
Well do thy num'rous crimes demand,
Th' offended bard's correcting hand:
O! was that hand with pow'r arm'd,
As with the wish his breast is warm'd!
Where dire Phlegeton's fiery torrents roar,
He'd chain thee fast, to vex mankind no more.
Friendship's soft bond, or love's endearing tie,
No more by sympathetic influence bind;
If thou intrudest—love and friendship fly,
To sullen passions leave th' infected mind.
Thy blood-shot eye darts pestilential fire,
Destroys the genuine offspring of the heart;

The wish benevolent, the kind desire,
The friendly intercourse devoid of art.
Away! to black Cimmerian regions fly,
In kindred darkness roll thy baleful haggard eye.

Where merit shines with honours bright,
Thou lov'st to dim the radiant light;
Where beauty's charms exert their pow'r,
Thou lov'st to blast the blooming flow'r;
Wherever excellence is found,
Thy ready fangs delight to wound:
And what to all should give supreme delight,
Degraded sinks, and withers in thy sight.
Swift at thy touch Parnassian laurels fade,
And wreaths triumphal on the warrior's brow;
Thou canst envelop virtue in thy shade,
And o'er her charms malignant darkness throw;
But know, base passion! truth's unerring ray,
Spite of thy arts, can dissipate the gloom;
Place injur'd virtue fair in open day,
And bid the laurel with new vigour bloom;

Rescue from thee each justly honour'd name,
And give to modest merit it's due place in fame.

Go! make thy dark unblest abode,
Hid with the twilight-loving toad;
Black, pimpled, bloated, like to thee,
Resembling pain, ye must agree:
Yet, ah! the toad, detested thing!
Has neither pois'nous tooth nor sting;
Thou, worse than vipers, canst diffuse around,
The deadly venom, and the livid wound.
Beneath thy steps the verdant herbage dies;
Thy with'ring blast destroys the op'ning flow'r;
Swift from thy sight each flutt'ring songster flies,
And streams roll refluent from thy hated pow'r.
The charms of beauty, and the grace of youth,
Fall to thy unrelenting hate a prey;
And all envenom'd by thy cank'ring tooth,
Fair reputation blasted dies away.
Malignant passion! thy prime bliss is to destroy!
Thy greatest curse is to behold another's joy!

All vile and hateful as thou art,
Thou dwellest in the human heart!—
What charm or magic canst thou use,
Thy vile contagion to infuse?
And thus pervert his native mind,
From open gen'rous free and kind,
To dark suspicion's cloudy restless state,
And all the sullen angry gloom of hate?
No peace the sad infected bosom knows,
Nor heeds the light, that all enliv'ning shines;
But, brooding o'er it's self-created woes,
Deep hid in joyless shades dejected pines:
The secret poison on his entrails preys,
Corrodes the tender root of social love;
Contaminates each hope, would make his days
Replete with joys, in bright succession move.
This—this is all thy vot'ries' meed at best,
To live in woes unpity'd, and to die unblest.

Avaunt! invidious, hated pow'r!
No more infest the genial hour!

No more from human hearts remove
The gen'rous seeds of social love;
Forbid soft pity's tear to flow,
Or teach—to smile at other's woe:
Let kind benevolence extend around
Her wish humane, and heal the wretches' wound.

Thou foe to peace, content, and harmless joy,
To gen'rous friendship, and commutual love;
Who dost the source of ev'ry bliss destroy,
What heart can harbour, or what thought approve?
Alas!—by far too many of our kind
Indulg'd, thou rul'st the sullen ruthless breast;
Smother'st each warm emotion of the mind,
And reign'st supreme by jealous hatred drest:
O'er me, ah! never wave thy sombre wing,
Nor in this heart infix thy life-empois'ning sting.

TO FOLLY.

Of all the pangs, that crime or folly,
So oft inflict on poor mankind,
What points the sting of melancholy?
Ah! what most hurts the feeling mind?—
But crime or folly's stubborn nature,
Will harden o'er the human heart;
And stamp the harsh unchanging feature,
And blunt reflection's rank'ling dart.

By some rash act, tho' ne'er intended,
That keenly wounds the darling pride;
Ah! if the dearest friend offended,
E'er turns th' indignant look aside:
Sad, brooding o'er it's thoughtless folly,
And mourning for it's forfeit bliss;
O! say, what poignant melancholy,
What grief can wound the heart like this?

SONNETS.

TO SLOTH.

Begone! thou dull lethargic pow'r depart!
Ne'er lay thy cold insensate hand on me!
Ah! never pour upon this melting heart,
The joyless apathy that springs from thee.

Still let my soul's spontaneous numbers flow,
Tho' never sung beyond my native groves;
Still let my breast with gentle rapture glow,
And fancy paint the fairy scenes she loves.

Shrouded beneath Obscurity's dark wing,
Tho' sombre shades for ever hide my name,

Yet shall my vagrant muse not cease to sing,
More prompted by the pleasure, than the fame.

Know, sluggish pow'r, my freeborn soul disdains,
To sink supine, and passive wear thy leaden chains.

TO A SLEEPING CHILD.

Sleep on, sweet babe! enjoy thy calm repose,
May hov'ring angels shield thee with their wings!
Long may'st thou live, secure from poignant woes,
In human hearts that fix their tort'ring stings.

No ruffling cares disturb thy tranquil breast,
Nor envy's cank'ring tooth corrodes thy peace;
No way-ward passion interrupts thy rest,
No secret anguish, and no dire disease.

That blest pre-eminence long may'st thou prove,
Serene exemption from distress and care;
Yet may thy steps thro' flow'ry pleasures rove,
And still thy infant pastimes freely share.

But, many a heart when these blest days are gone,
Has mourn'd its happy childhood's calm enjoyments flown.

TO THE POLAR STAR.

As o'er the silent wave his bark he guides,
The careful pilot looks aloft to thee;
'Cross the wide main he full securely rides,
Nor fears to deviate on the pathless sea.

When o'er heav'n's vault extends the veil of night,
And dangers threaten should his vessel stray;

Thy faithful lamp affords a constant light,
A kind companion on the lonesome way.

The only boon I crave, would Heav'n bestow,
(The darling subject of each tuneful theme);
The greatest blessing man can have below,
A friend unchanging as thy constant beam:

True friendship, (solace to the care-worn breast),
Sooths ev'ry pang, and charms each woe to rest.

TO FRIENDSHIP.

The pensile lamps that gild the ev'ning sky,
Wide o'er the blue expanse in silence glide;
While her broad orb refulgent plac'd on high,
Behold the silver moon majestic ride.

In thick profusion as they sparkling roll,
The stars to her superior lustre yield;

Tho' widely spread from either adverse pole,
Uncounted myriads deck'd the azure field.

As o'er inferior fires the moon's pale light,
Thro' night's dark shade a brighter radiance sends;
So much the friend approv'd, in danger's sight,
The world and fortune's minions far transcends.

His gen'rous soul disdains each selfish aim,
Joy or distress still finds his love the same.

ANXIETY.

Dark, as the gloom that wraps my sinking soul,
December shrouds the desolated plain,
And anarch storms around my cottage howl,
Where I, unblest, must court repose in vain.

Soon, gently stealing thro' the winding vales,
The now-swoln brooks, their trotitng streams shall lead

And soon, shall warmer suns, and genial gales
Spread wonted blossoms o'er the verdant meads.

But, nipt by disappointment's surly blast,
When will the drooping bud of hope revive?
And the rude storms of adverse fortune past,
When will the wished-for hour of bliss arrive?

Ah me! I dread this inauspicious gloom,
Whilst I with beating heart anticipate my doom.

HOPE.

Benignant nymph! whose soul-composing pow'r,
Soothes the sad heart, and wakes its dying fires,
That kindly constant, till the mortal hour,
Still prompt'st, till fainting life's last sigh expires.

Why, from this drooping soul for ever fled,
Must I, still hapless, mourn my wayward fate!

And my torn heart, each sense of pleasure dead,
Still—still be rent in passion's wild debate!

Say, in the series of revolving years,
Is there reserv'd one gentle hour for me,
Unstain'd by silent sorrow's humid tears,
From haggard care's unblest intrusion free?

No!—rigid Fate has cut the *tend'rest* tye,
And giv'n my sinking heart in lonely grief to sigh.

NATALE SOLUM.

Dear native fields, whose ever genial clime,
Shoots full luxuriance to the gladden'd sight;
Imbibes with kindred warmth the ray sublime,
Or mourns with pensive air his parting light.

Oh whilst my soul admiring, fills the eye,
With grateful transports fond impassion'd tear,

Reflexion breathes her ever mournful sigh,
And sad remembrance wakes the pang sincere.

Too soon lov'd scenes, too soon ye natal plains,
Where first my soul learnt friendship's hallow'd lore,
Where first my muse attun'd her infant strains,
And dawning reason op'd her heavenly store.—

Too soon we part—but still my heart shall raise,
Its tender tributes to your matchless praise.

THE TEAR.

A tear in gay Lothario's eye
Stood trembling eager to depart,
But pride suppressed the rising sigh,
Nor let the tell-tale shew his heart.

Not long the truant drop repress'd,
Stole softly down his manly cheek ;

And thence a better pow'r confest,
Than art can paint or language speak.

That gen'rous tear bespoke a soul
Replete with ev'ry finer sense,
A fount whose feeling currents roll,
The streams of blam'd benevolence.

That mind to virtue still is prone,
Where sympathy erects her throne.

LOVE.

Ask, with what care, the sailor's wakeful bride
Counts the long hours, that keep her swain away,
When swelling on th' horizon circling wide,
His sail appears not, on the promis'd day.

Ask, with what joy, the captive bursts his chain,
And quits the damp cold dungeon's drear confine,

Springs to his long-lost home, and love again,
And sees creation smile, and joyful Phœbus shine.

From such alone, my darling maid can know,
In absence, what long tedious hours I prove,
With what keen hope my throbbing heart will glow,
When bound, on willing feet, to her I love.

Those can alone love's tender throes explain,
Whose gentle hearts have felt the pleasure and the pain.

PEACE.

Far hence be wars, and all their savage train!
Mine be the humble vale and silent dell;
Where smiling Peace exerts her mild domain,
There would the Muse in calm retirement dwell.

Sweet Peace, enamour'd with thy placid mein,
Thy still retreats, from noisy tumult free;

No more I wish, than to explore the scene,
Unknown to all but to Content and thee.

Too oft, Ambition mocks her vot'ries' pray'r;
To those who court her, Fame her wreath denies,
And Fortune, with her bounties, mingles care,
Or waves her pinions, and capricious flies.

Free from the tyrant pow'r, I fain would dwell
Secure, within the humble vale, and silent dell.

THE SHIPWRECK.

Far o'er the sea on heaving billows toss'd,
A distant vessel sore beset appears;
While driving onward to the rocky coast,
A furious gale the hapless pilot bears.

Now toss'd aloft she flies a giddy height,
Then sinks in gulfs that secret depths disclose,

Ah !—there she vanish'd from my eager sight ;
And o'er the decks the liquid mountains close !

O ! could the pitying muse but fly to save
The wretched sailor, sinking in the main,
Bear him secure above the stormy wave,
And safe return him to his port again,

Gladly she'd snatch him from the whelming deep,
But ah !—'tis all she can to pity, and to weep !

TO BEAUTY.

Thou lovely, soft, enchanting pow'r,
Whose smiles enliv'ning gild the genial scene ;
From thee, his fortress and his safest tow'r,
Love deals his shafts among the swains unseen.

Low at thy shrine, what suppliant vot'ries bow,
What clouds of incense from thine altars rise !

While raised on high, the Lover's idol, thou
Withdraw'st his duteous worship from the skies.

Say, does my bosom beat with fond alarms,
When my Eliza meets my eager view,
Because thy lavish hand has form'd her charms,
And o'er her features spread thy loveliest hue ?

Ah no !—her soul, without thy aid, would move
By sympathetic force, this melting heart to love.

TO ELIZA,

With a Locket containing the figure of a Lady playing with a tame Lark.

Free as the air, that little Lark might fly,
To woods or plains just where his fancy chose,
On vent'rous wing, aërial regions try,
And thrill melodious music as he rose.

But, from his beauteous mistress e'er to stray,
His little heart indulges no desire;
To hover round her all the live long day,
His warmest wishes to no more aspire.

'Tis not his cord confines the flutt'ring thing,
Ah no!—Eliza, 'tis a stronger tie!
'Tis love restrains the warbler's active wing,
'Tis love forbids the captive bird to fly.

As much a captive as the bird you see,
Ah!—would the maid I love as sweetly smile on me

PERFIDY

As some poor hind, by hungry Jackalls prest,
In wild despondence seeks the mountains side,
Faint and fatigu'd, with boding fears distrest,
Strives in some caverns dark recess to hide:

There the grim Lion, lurking waits the night,
That silent hour, when to the woods he hies;
(Poor hapless thing!) she runs with blind affright,
Unweening enters—weeps her fate—and dies!

So he, who pierc'd by angry fortune's dart,
And flying seeks to shun his vengeful foes,
Trusts to an artful villain's faithless heart,
For promis'd safety, and secure repose.

At last perceives (then 'tis too late to know,)
The wretch perfidious when he feels the blow.

TO IMPATIENCE.

One only object can admittance gain,
One only wish the panting thought employ,
One only hope can whisper promis'd joy,
To him who feels thy sharply goading pain.

Impell'd by thee, the swift excursive mind,
By bounds still unrestrain'd, can widely soar;
Can wing it's rapid flight from shore to shore,
And leave the sea, the hills and vales behind.

Well it can cheat slow creeping time's delay
And bring the distant object into view;
From ev'ry hope it's warm desires pursue,
Remove the interval of years away.

Yet, ah! the labour is but just begun,
Time, and our tardy steps too slowly run.

SONGS AND CANZONETS.

THE SKY-LARK.

Rise, my love! for see the morning
Chases night adown the sky;
Golden beams yon clouds adorning,
Say the sun's approach is nigh.

Now, the genial Spring invites us,
Ev'ry promis'd joy to prove,
Scatters round whate'er delights us—
Come partake the feast my love.

Just a moment now I'll quit thee,
Wonted homage I must pay—
Now I rise, I haste to meet thee!
Hail thou glorious God of day!

Hail invigorating power,
Who dispensest ev'ry good!
All thy warmest influence shower
On my mate and tender brood.

Warblers! all exalt your voices!
Raise your songs ye tuneful choir!
Where's the heart that not rejoices,
When his beams such life inspire.

See, the shining rays are gilding,
Ev'ry hill and lofty tree,
You should now be up and building,
Or be singing song like me.

With what heartfelt thrilling pleasure,
I look down upon my nest;

Grateful transports, without measure,
Rise within my throbbing breast.

Well ye know how much I love you,
Pledges of affection dear!
Long, ah! long I'd soar above you,
And my song your hearts should cheer.

But that darksome vapour, riding
On the zephyr's swelling breast,
From my longing sight's dividing
Both my mate, and much-loved nest:

Envious cloud!—but I'll dart thro' thee,
For I hear my mate complain;
Hush, my love! I'm coming to thee,
Now, I join thee once again.

SONG.

My swain, and I, a long time past,
Have been by promise plighted,
But now, our hearts and hands at last,
In wedlock are united.

How will you live? some taunting cry,
And scornful toss their noses;
My friends, quite careless, I reply,
We'll live on love and roses.

What, tho' my swain and I are poor,
And fortune is deny'd us,
Yet we will live alone no more,
Whatever fate betide us:

For cares, and wants, we'll keep them off,
Whate'er the world supposes;
And if we have but love enough,
Our garden stocked with roses.

The worldly, prudent, selfish race,
By sordid interest blinded,
Make ev'ry thing to gold give place,
And that alone be minded;

Be ours, a nobler aim than this,
That better hopes discloses,
And we shall taste a purer bliss,
Who live on love and roses.

The kind desire which never cloys,
The truth no baseness fearing,
The gen'rous train of heartfelt joys,
We still shall find endearing.

Love smooths the wrinkled front of care,
And ev'ry pain composes,
Nor suffers thorns to harbour there,
Where bloom its own sweet roses.

THE SAILOR's BRIDE.

Alone, long tedious hours I mourn,
Throughout the solitary day,
And, sighing, wish my love's return,
Who sails the ocean far away:
Whilst the bold tar, advent'rous, braves
The fury of the stormy waves.

When restless tossing on my bed,
I hear the midnight storms debate,
And rude winds howling o'er my head,
I tremble for my sailor's fate:
Whilst the bold tar, advent'rous, braves
The fury of the stormy waves.

"My Poll," (he often cries) "no more!"
"Come wipe away that falling tear,
I travel to the distant shore,
To bring back treasures to my dear:
For this thy sailor, fearless, braves
The dangers of the ocean's waves."

He makes me smile amidst my woe,
The tear he kisses from my eye,
But when he's gone, my sorrows flow,
And oft I heave a lonely sigh:
Whilst far away, my sailor braves
The dangers of the ocean's waves.

SONG.

Tost thro' the dark and dreary night,
Amidst the wildness of the storm,
When not a star displays its light,
Or floating cloud reveals it's form:
Spite of the fears that rend my heart,
Exciting oft a boding sigh;
Spite of the trickling tears that start
In silence from my eager eye;
A secret hope still sooths my pain,
That I shall see my Poll again.

Tho' death with all his grimly train,
Seems hov'ring o'er the creaking mast;

Tho' swept along the dashing main,
He can't resist the savage blast:
Our shatter'd bark can scarcely steer,
She fast admits the briny wave;
The heart-felt dread of fate so near,
Distracts the weak, alarms the brave—
A secret hope yet sooths my pain,
That I shall meet my Poll again.

CANZONET.

One night, when the clouds of the ev'ning did lour,
As young Strephon came woing to me,
Full sudden, in torrents the rain it did pour,
And the wind wildly howled in each tree.
The storm did not cease, nor did Strephon depart,
Till next morn at the breaking of day;
For I truly could never have found in my heart,
To have sent the poor shepherd away.

The night it was dark, and the way it was long,
And it lay 'cross a lonely wide moor;
While swelling floods roar'd thro' the vallies along,
As the rain still continued to pour:
The swain might be drown'd in so dismal a night,
O'er the moors he might wander astray;
Then tell me, ye maids! ah! it would not be right,
To have sent the poor shepherd away.

My Strephon is kind and endearing to me,
And his soul I believe is sincere;
Then why should I coyly refuse to be free,
Since the swain to my heart is most dear?
In my cottage, he rested, secure from all harms,
And I'm glad that I asked him to stay;
For my heart would have beat with a thousand alarms,
If I'd sent the poor shepherd away

CANZONET.

Cease to request—oh! Damon fie!
Teaze me no longer for a kiss—
If screen'd from day's broad-piercing eye,
Be sure, I'd not deny the bliss:
But when I grant that boon to thee,
I would not have the world to see.

My simple fears, ah! don't despise,
Nor think my timid caution wrong;
Keen slander has a thousand eyes,
And gives whate'er she sees a tongue:
Whatever boon I grant to thee,
I would not have base Slander see.

When gently on thy breast reclin'd,
Thy lips impress my passive cheek,
And my soft sighs disclose my mind,
In language, more than words can speak:
The kindness that I shew to thee,
I would not have the world to see.

SPECIMENS

of the

YORKSHIRE DIALECT.

SONG.

Ye loit'ring minutes faster flee,
Y'are all owre slow be half for me,
That wait impatient for the morning;
To-morn's the lang, lang-wish' for fair,
I'll try to shine the fooremost there,
Mysen in finest claes adoorning,
To grace the day.

I'll put my best white stockings on,
And pair of new cauf leather shoon,
My clain wash'd gown o' printed cotton;

Aboot my neck a muslin shawl,
A new silk handkerchee owre all,
Wi' sike a careless air I'll put on,
I'll shine this day.

My partner Ned, I no' thinks he,
He'll mak' his sen secure o' me,
He's often sed he'd treat me rarely;
But Ise think o' some other fun,
I'll aim for some rich farmer's son,
And cheat our simple Neddy fairly,
Se sly this day.

Why mud not I succeed as weel,
And get a man full out genteel,
As aud John Darby's daughter Nelly?
I think mysen as good as she,
She can't mak' cheese or spin like me,
That's mair 'an beauty let me tell ye,
On onie day.

Then hey! for sports and puppy shows.
And temptin' spice-stalls rang'd in rows,
  And danglin' dolls by't necks all hangin';
And thousand other pratty see'ts,
And lasses traul'd alang the streets,
  Wi' lads to't yall-house gangin',
    To drink this day.

Let's letck at'to' winder, I can see't,
Its seams as tho' 'twas growan lee't,
  The clouds wi' early rays adorning;
Ye loit'ring minuets faster flee,
Y'ere al owreslo' be hauf for me,
'At wait impatient for the morning,
    O' sicke a day.

SONG.

When I was a wee little tottering bairn,
An' had nobbut just gitten short frocks;
When to gang, I at first was beginnin' to lairn,
On my brow I gat monie hard knocks:
For se waik, an' se silly, an' helpless was I,
I was always a tumbling down then,
While me mother would twattle me gently, and cry,
Honey Jenny! tak' care o' thysen.

When I grew bigger, an' gat to be strang,
'At I cannily ran all about,
By mysen, whor I lik'd, then I always mud gang,
Bithout bein' tell'd about ought.
When however I com' to be sixteen year auld,
An' rattled and ramp'd amang men,
My Mother wad call o' me in, an' would scauld,
And cry—Huzzy! tak' care o' thysen.

I've a sweetheart comes now upo' Setterday nights,
An' he swears 'at he'll mak me his wife—

My Mam grows se stingy, she scaulds and she flytes,
And twitters me out of my life.
But she may leuk sour an' consait hersen wise,
An' preach again likin' young men;
Sen I's grown a woman her clack I'll despise,
And Ise—marry!—tak' care o' mysen.

SONG.

I leotly lov'd a lass right weel,
Was beautiful and witty,
But all I sed (an it was a deal),
Could never raise her pity,
Or mak her love me.

I tell'd her owre and owre again,
(Did monie reasons render,)
Sh'ed never fynd another swain,
Wad be se fond and tender,
If she'd bud love me.

I'd tent my sheep i' field or faud,
Wi' spirits light and cheary,
Thro' summer's heat, and winter's caud,
If she wad be my deary,
And say she'd love me.

I's nobbut a poor shepherd lad,
My hands aleean mainteean me;
Waes me! weel may I be se sad,
That maks the lass disdeean me,
'At winnot love me.

I thought at first, i' my dispair,
I'd gang and get me listed,
And bravely meet my death i' war,
Because the lass insisted
She wad not love me,

But now I've teean another mind,
I'll try to quite forget her;

Another lass may be mair kind,
I'se like as weel or better,
An' she may love me.

AWD DAISY, AN ECLOGUE.

GOORGY AND ROBERT.

GOORGY.

Weel meet, good Robert! saw ye my awd meer?
I've lated her, an hour, i' t'loonin here,
But howsumivver, spite of all my care,
I cannot spy her, nowther heead nor hair!

ROBERT.

Whaw Goorgy, I've te teyl ye dowly news,
Syke as I's varra seer will mak ye muse;
I just this minnit left your poor awd tyke,
Dead as a steean i' Johnny Dobson's dyke,

GOORGY.

Whoor !—what's that Robert ?—tell us owre ageean,
You're joking—or you've mebby been misteean ;

ROBERT.

Nay, marry, Goorge, I's seer I can't be wrang,
You kno' I've keyn'd aw'd Daisy now se lang.
Her bread-ratch'd feeace, and twa white hinder legs,
Preav'd it was hor, as seer as eggs is eggs.

GOORGY.

Poor thing !—what deead then—had she laid there lang ?
Whor abouts is she ?—Robert will ye gang ?

ROBERT.

I care nut, Goorgy, I hant mich to dea,
A good hour's labour, or mayhappen twea ;
Bud as I nivvér like to hing behynd,
When I can dea a kaundness tiv a frynd,
An I can help ye, wi my hand or teeam,
I'll help to skin her, or to bring her heeam.

GOORGY.

Thank ye, good Robert!—I can't think, belike,
How t'poor awd creature's tummled inte t' dike,

ROBERT.

Ye maund, shee'd fun her sen just gaun te dee,
An' sea laid down by t'side (as seeams to me,)
An' when she felt the pains o'death within,
She'd fick'd, an' struggled, an' se towpled in.

GOORGY.

Meast lickly,—bud—what was she dead outreet,
When ye furst gat up; when ye gat t'furst seet?

ROBERT.

Youse hear—As I was gaun down 't looan I spy'd,
A scoore or mair o' Crows by t'gutter side,
All se thrang, hoppin in, an' hoppin out,
I wonder'd what i'th warld they were about.
I leuks, and then I sees an awd yode laid,
Gaspin' an' pantin' there, an' ommost dead;

An' as they pick'd it's een, an' pick'd ageean,
It just cud lift it's leg, and give a greean,
Bud when I fand awd Daisy was their prey,
I wav'd my hat, an' shoo'd 'em all away.
Poor Dais!—ye maund, she's now woorn fairly out,
She's lang been quite hard sett te trail about.—
But yonder, Goorgy, loo' ye whoor she's laid,
An' twea 'r three Nanpies chatt'rin' owre her head.

GOORGY.

Aye marry!—this I nivver wished te see,
She's been se good—se true a frynd to me.——
An' is thou cum te this, my poor awd meer?
Thou's been a trusty servant monny a year,
An' better treatment thou's desarv'd fra me,
Than, thus neglected in a dike te dee.——
Monny a daywark, we ha' wrought togither,
An' bidden monny a blast o' wind and weather;
Monny a lang dree maule, owre moss, an' moor,
An' monny a hill, an' deeal we've travell'd owre;
Bud now—waes me!—thou'll nivver trot ne mair,
Te nowther kirk, nor market, spoort, nor fair;

And now, fort' future, thoff I's awd and leam,
I mun be foorc'd te walk, or stay at heam.——
Ne mair, thou'l bring me cooals fra' Blakay brow,
Or sticks fra' t'wood, or turves fra' Leaf how cow.

My poor awd Dais! afoor I dig thy greeave,
Thy weel-worn shoon I will for keep-seeakes seeave;
Thy hide, poor lass! I'll hev it taun'd wi' care,
'Twill mak' a cover to my awd airm chair;
An' pairt, an appron for my wife te weear,
When cardin' woul, or weshin' t'parlour fleer.
Deep i't 'cawd yearth I will thy carcass pleeace,
'At thy poor beeans may lig, and rist i' peeace;
Deep i't 'cawd yearth, 'at dogs may'nt scrat' thee out,
And rauve thy flesh, an' trail thy beeans about.
Thou's been se faithful, for se long to me,
Thou sannut at thy death neglected be.
Seyldom a christian 'at yan now can fynd,
Wad be mair trusty, or mair true a frynd.

THE INVASION, AN ECLOGUE.

Impius hæc tam culta novalia miles habebit ?—VIRG.

A wanton wether had disdain'd the bounds,
That kept him close confin'd to Willy's grounds ;
Broke thro' the hedge, he wander'd far astray,
He knew not whither on the public way.
As Willy strives, with all attentive care,
The fence to strengthen, and the gap repair,
His neighbour Roger, from the fair return'd,
Appears in sight, in riding-graith adorn'd ;
Whom, soon as Willy, fast approaching, spies,
Thus to his friend, behind the hedge, he cries—

WILLY.

How de ye, Roger? ha' ye been at 'tfair?
How gangs things? Made ye onny bargans there?

ROGER.

I kno' not Willy, things deant luke owre weel,

Coorn sattles fast, thoff bease 'll fetch a deal,
Te sell 'tawd intack barley, I desaun'd,
Bud cuddent git a price to suit my maund;
What wi' rack-rents, an' syke a want of trade,
I kno'nt how yan's te git yan's landloords paid.
Mair oure au that, they say, i' spring o't year,
Franch is intarmin'd on't te 'tack us here.

WILLY.

Yea mun! what are they cummin hither for,
Depend upon't they'd better nivver storr.

ROGER.

True, Willy,—nobbut Inglishmen 'll stand,
By yan another o' their awn good land,
They'll nivver suffer (Ise be bun to say)
The Franch te tak a single sheep away.
Fightin' for heame, upo' their own fair field,
All pow'r i' France cud nivver mak' 'em yield.

WILLY.

Whaw, seer you cannot think, when put ti't pinch,

'At onny Inglishmen i'll ivver flinch!
If Franch dea cum here, Roger, I'll be hang'd,
An they deant git their sens reet soundly bang'd:
I can't bud think (thoff I may be misteean)
Not monny on 'em 'ill get back ageean.

ROGER.

I think nut, Willy—bud some fouk will say,
Our Inglish fleet let 't Franch ships git away,
When they were laid (thou kno's) in Bantry Bay;
'At they could ne'vver all hev geen 'em 'tslip,
Bud 'tInglish wanted nut te tak a ship.

WILLY.

Eah! that's all lees!

ROGER.

I dinnot say it's true,
It's all unnone te syke as me an' you,
How do we kno' when fleets do reet or wrang?
I whoop it's all on't fause—but so talks gang.

Howsivver this I kno' 'at when they please,
Our sailors always beat 'em uppo't seas,
And if they nobbut sharply luke about,
They needent let a single ship cum out;
At least they'll drub 'em weel, I dinnot fear,
An' keep 'em fairly off, fra landin' here.

WILLY.

I whoop sa, Roger, bud, an if they dea,
Cum owre, I then shall sharpen my awd lea.
What, thoff I can bud o've a lautle boast,
You kno' yan waddent ha that lautle lost,
Ise send our Mally an' all't bairns away,
And I mysen 'll by the yamstead stay.
I'll fight, if need; an' if I fall, whaw then,
Ise suffer all the warst mishap mysen:
Was I bud seer, my wife and bairns were seeaf,
I then sud be to dee content eneeaf.

ROGER.

Reet Willy! Mun, what, an they put us tea't,
I will mysen put forrad my best feat;

What, thoff I's awd, I's nut sa easily scar'd,
On his awn midden, an awd cock fights hard.
They say a Franchman's turn'd a different man,
A braver, better soldier, ten to yan;
But let the Franch be turn'd te what they will,
They'll find 'at Inglishmen are Inglish still,
O' their awn grund they'll nowther flinch nor flee,
They'll owther conquer, or they'll bravely dee.

POETICAL TRIBUTES

to the

MEMORY OF THE AUTHOR.

SONNET, ON THE DEATH OF ALEXIS;

addressed to one of his Friends.

And dost thou cling to earth, unthinking youth,
To 'scape the wreck of death, all nature's doom?
Ah! haste and read what hoary-headed Truth
Has just inscrib'd upon ALEXIS's tomb:—

" Build not your pyramid, immortal friend,
" On tott'ring sand, expos'd to ev'ry wave;
" The firmest base that Time itself can lend,
" Will sink, 'ere long, into the greedy grave.

" List not *too earnestly* to Friendship's tale,
" Nor grasp with *ecstacy* the Muse's prize;
" Long 'ere the tale of Love was done—all pale,
" Uncrown'd, and breathless, poor ALEXIS lies.

" Yet shall the Muses spread their flow'rs around his tomb,
" And all his virtues flourish in immortal bloom."

ON THE DEATH OF ALEXIS.

All lifeless and cold in his tomb,
As the earth that's laid over his head,
Alexis, by Fate's early doom,
Lies mouldering along with the dead.
That mind, late so active and gay,
Yet mild in the vigour of youth,
Which often dictated the lay,
That added fresh sweetness to truth;
Alas, now for ever is gone,
And blasted ere it was in bloom,

Ah! long will the Muses bemoan,
Alexis low laid in his tomb;
Yet still in the hearts he shall live,
Of numbers to whom he was dear,
Who, at his sad fate oft will grieve,
And drop an affectionate tear;
And oft as the years roll along,
I'll go where Alexis was laid,
And mournfully wander among
The grass that waves over his head.

A. Y.

SONNET,

inscribed to the memory of

THE LATE REV. THOMAS BROWNE.

Again, long banish'd from the tuneful train,
Whose gen'rous smile approv'd her timid lyre,
Sad Nemorina wakes the pensive strain,
To tell the woes her sympathies inspire.

Alexis dead!—ah weeps not every muse?
Nay more, the *Virtues* mourn a valued child,
Awide their tender sorrows each diffuse,
These in soft notes, and those in accents wild.

What tho' with lagging step my trembling feet,
Thus late essay the weeping band to join,
With tender dirge his gloomy mansion greet,
And hail with quiv'ring voice the hallow'd shrine:

Yet still I feel,—and o'er Alexis' tomb,
Would shed one humble flow'ret's mild perfume,

NEMORINA.

ODE, ON THE DEATH OF ALEXIS.

Wrapt in her dark and wint'ry shroud,
The moon scarce pierc'd the murky cloud;
Low sigh'd the breeze athwart the grove,
Where erst she fann'd the sweets of love;
And stealing o'er the shrinking sense,
Pale ev'ning pour'd her vapours dense.
When lo! the Muse, her feet unshod,
Her tresses flutt'ring with the gale,
O'er Humber's green banks swiftly trod,
And hied her to his inmost vale.
There on his sedgy banks reclin'd,
She breath'd her sorrows to the wind;
Till far within the unknown cell,
Where disembody'd spirits dwell:
The Sons of Genius heard the notes,
Which trembl'd o'er the refluent air
(As sound celestial sometimes floats
The language of a brighter sphere):

They heard, and instant ev'ry breast
A sacred sympathy confest.
But chief the sons of past'ral lays
Wept o'er their lov'd Alexis' praise;
And as low bending o'er his shrine,
Their muse and his thus mourning laid;
All felt the influence divine,
And rush'd impetuous to her aid,
Each could with magic song impart
A tone of love to reach the heart;
And each with touch celestial pour
Soft consolation's balmy show'r,
They chose a sound of deepest skill,
To tame the bosom at its will:
The mingled lute of each was heard
Steal o'er the gloom of misty night:
With that sweet grief the soul preferr'd
Such dirge to tunes of gay delight.
For there was Thomson's heav'n-strung lyre,
And Shenston's sweetly pensive song,
And Collins wrapt in seraph fire,
And Burn's light Caledonian tongue;

There Waller told his tender pain,
And Phillips pour'd his mellow strain;
And Goldsmith told a tale so sad so sweet,
The list'ning group his pow'rs superior greet:
And thou wert there—Ah! Nymph, distrest,
Thy pale cheek drench'd in briny dews:
Thou, Celia! to Alexis' breast,
More dear than life, or e'en the muse.
But ah! thy sorrows, who shall paint
What hand thy keener pangs pourtray:
The muse perceives her colours faint,
And veils in awe the dread essay.

Each Poet now as long decreed,
Shed o'er the tomb a flow'ry meed:
They strew'd the gentle violet blue,
His modest merit's genuine hue:
The snowdrop like his fortune's pale,
The perfum'd tenant of the vale;
While pity bending o'er the bier,
Gem'd each mild flow'ret with a tear.

When instant from the op'ning skies
A thousand beaming glories flow;
Lost in the beams each spirit flies,
The earthly mourners bless the glow.
From faith it came—her form sublime,
'Midst earth and heav'n majestic shone;
Defy'd the wrecks of death and time,
And prov'd Alexis yet her own.
High in the air a crown she bore,
Mild glories sparkled in her mein,
A robe of lucid white she wore;
And, leaning on the cross, was seen
Close by her side a cherub boy,
Whose bright eye spoke approaching joy,
With smile angelic—words that stole
Through each fine movement of the soul,
Drew love and friendship from their woe,
Bade the sad tear no longer flow:
With his soft pinion sooth'd their every fear,
For Sorrow's train are *Hope's* peculiar care.

Bright fair! oh! still to you be giv'n
Our ardent vows—our grateful pray'r;
The sigh that wafts our *Friend* to heav'n,
The smile that views our *Poet* there;
And friendship's dearest boon more blest appear,
Sprung from the dust that guards his hallow'd bier.

NEMORINA.

ON THE

DEATH OF THE REV. THOs. BROWNE.

With all that firm benevolence of mind
Which pities while it blames th' unfeeling vain;
With all that active zeal to serve mankind,
That tender suffering for another's pain:

Why was not he to power and riches rais'd?
Did heedless fortune slumber at his birth?
Or on his virtues with indulgence gaz'd,
And gave her grandeurs to the sons of earth?

He little knew the sly penurious art,
That odious art which fortune's favourites know;
Form'd to bestow, he felt the warmest heart,
But envious fate forbad him to bestow.

He little knew to ward the secret wound;
He little knew that mortals could ensnare;
Virtue he knew; the noblest joy he found,
To sing her glories, and to paint her fair!

And well he knew how transport thrills the breast,
Where love and fancy fix their opening reign;
How nature shines in livelier colours drest,
To bless their union, and to grace their train.

He lov'd a nymph: amidst his slender store,
He dar'd to love, and Delia was his theme;
He breath'd his plaints along the rocky shore,
And oft they echo'd o'er the winding stream!

Foe to the futile manners of the proud,
He chose an humble virgin for his own;

A form with nature's fairest gifts endow'd,
And pure as vernal blossoms newly blown.

But, ah, no more the Poet now remains;
Cold is the breast that glow'd with sacred fire;
Mute is the tongue that flow'd with tuneful strains;
Check'd is the hand, and silent is the lyre!

Like some fair flower, that owes the desert birth,
Whose buds foretel the beauty of its prime,
But sinks unshelter'd, sinks unseen to earth,
Chill'd by the blast, or cropt before its time!

Clos'd are those eyes, alas! for ever clos'd,
Which beam'd so sweetly with expression mild;
With soft intelligence, and look compos'd,
Spoke the calm soul, untorn by passions wild.

I saw pale sickness warn my friend away;
For him no more the vernal roses bloom!
I saw stern fate his ebon wand display;
And paint the wither'd regions of the tomb!

I saw him faint! I saw him sink to rest!
Like one ordain'd to swell the vulgar throng;
As though the Virtues had not warm'd his breast,
As tho' the Muses not inspir'd his tongue.

Too oft, alas! in some sequester'd ground,
Silent and cold the Poet's ashes sleep;
No pomp of funeral is seen around,
No parasite to praise, nor friend to weep!

Still o'er the grave that holds the dear remains,
The mould'ring veil his spirit left below;
Fond fancy dwells, and pours funereal strains,
The soul-denoting melody of woe.

Mark here, O! mark, how chang'd, how alter'd lies
The heart that once with youth's warm tide beat high;
Read your own fate in his—in time be wise,
And from his bright example learn to die.

For him, who now laments thy early tomb,
Who lov'd thy virtues, and admir'd thy lays;

Tho' now he mourns, he soon may share thy doom,
May soon require the tribute which he pays.

Ah! then farewell, ye blooming chearful plains!
Enough for me the church-yard's lonely mound,
Where melancholy with still silence reigns,
And the rank grass waves o'er the chearless ground.

There may we sleep forgotten in the clay,
When death shall shut these weary aching eyes;
Rest in the hope of an eternal day,
'Till the long night is gone, and the last morn arise.

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